

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
 OF
 POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

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	Page
I. EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX - - - - -	ii
II. POSTSCRIPT - - - - -	ix
III. THE PRINCIPLE OF LOYALTY - - - - -	405
IV. EPIGRAM - - - - -	409
V. REFORM YOUR UNIVERSITY SYSTEM - - - - -	411
VI. FRAGMENT - - - - -	418
VII. DISPUTE BETWEEN THE PEN AND THE SWORD - - - - -	419
VIII. SONNETS, BY EDWARD MOXON - - - - -	422
IX. BETWEEN DECKS - - - - -	423
X. A DAY AT COWPER'S TOMB - - - - -	428
XI. PATRIOTIC SONGS OF SPAIN - - - - -	430
XII. ON BORES, NO. II. - - - - -	434
XIII. THE POET TO HIS LUTE - - - - -	437
XIV. ADVENTURES OF A SERENADER - - - - -	438
XV. THE OMNIBUS - - - - -	443
XVI. TOM MOORE AT BANNOW - - - - -	446
XVII. THE POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE - - - - -	448
XVIII. THE SILVER CHAIN - - - - -	462
XIX. METHODISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND - - - - -	463
XX. SONNET - - - - -	468
XXI. MR. "PUBLIC INSTRUCTOR" ROEBUCK - - - - -	469
XXII. SONNET - - - - -	473
XXIII. ESSAY ON THE MORAL EFFECTS OF FICTION, BY THE LATE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH - - - - -	474
XXIV. ANACREONTIC BALLAD BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.- - - - -	479
XXV. REVIEW OF LITERATURE- - - - -	480
XXVI. NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A SUB-EDITOR - - - - -	488
XXVII. EDITOR'S LATEST MOMENTS - - - - -	495
XXVIII. LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS - - - - -	496

LONDON:
 SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
 PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

It is our determination to devote a space to our correspondents, wherein they may enlighten the public after their own fashion. Our reason for this particularly good-natured resolution is, that we occasionally receive some choice morsels, which, although unsuitable to the pages of the Magazine, will do admirably well for a *melange*, such as we intend our "Letter-box" to be. Some are interesting from their humour—others from their absurdity. We shall seldom offer remarks on that which is intended for our "benefit;" therefore let them all go together, and each take the credit of his own.

The Editor of the Monthly Magazine, &c,—Dear Sir,—If the accompanying scraps from the Anthology will suit you, they are very much at your service, and your insertion will oblige,—Your obedient servant, ANDREW M'KENZIE.

Εἴ τις ἄπαξ. κ. τ. λ.

Who ventures on a second bride,
Twice tries a whirlpool's dangerous tide.

Εὐτομο ἦν; κ. τ. λ.

A.—My epitaph must needs be short,
For that short-witted calf,
Thesis of Crete, lies buried here—
B.—Why, that's too long by half

Οἶνομά μοι. κ. τ. λ.

"My name is"—"Who cares what's your name?"
"My country"—"What is that to me?"
"My blood was high"—"And if 'twere low,
To me they both alike would be."
"I died with glory circled round."
"For me, you might have died with shame."
"He who lies in this plot of ground
Was"—"No one needs his name."

Λοσιμελοῦς Βάκχου. κ. τ. λ.

Limb-loosing Bacchus and limb-loosing Venus
Said "Limb-loosing Gout was begotten between us."

Ἐμμοκξάτης της ῥινός. κ. τ. λ.

Why surely, man, you don't suppose
We ought to talk of *Arthur's nose*?
Since small to great is given rather,
We ought to say the *Nose's Arthur*.

Εἴ σοι κατὰ γῆς. κ. τ. λ.

Lie light, O earth, on this good man!
(That the dogs may get at him as soon as they can.)

Sir,—Should the enclosed lines meet with your approbation, I shall feel much obliged by your favouring them with a place in the pages of your Magazine.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant, O. P.

THE ACCURSED.

I.

AMID the wild and howling storm, 'tis my delight to roam,
To watch the fierce and swelling surge, the white and billowy foam;
To catch the cry of man's despair, come wafted o'er the sea,
For the sound of woe in others is melody to me;
And the seaman's cry, in his agony,
Sweet music to my soul.

II.

I've heard the shipwreck'd mariners for help and succour cry,
I've seen them perish one by one, without a tear or sigh;
I've seen a woman's beauteous form lay bleeding on the strand,—
She liv'd, she breath'd, I might have sav'd, had I stretch'd forth my hand.
To me 'twas a sight, of such wild delight,
I watch'd, I saw her die.

III.

I love to hear the sea-bird scream, as darting through the spray,
It rests upon some livid corse, an unresisting prey;
To see the bloated, bursting forms, the sport of the waves and wind,
Gives pleasure to my canker'd heart, relieves my fester'd mind:
For scenes such as these, the accurs'd do please;
And man's despair gives joy.

O. P.

The following "wise saws and modern instances" were dropped into the Editor's Letter Box.

I.

A Caution to Flatterers.

The worst of compliments you can pay a woman, both to her person and mind, is to tell her she is handsome. If she is so, she knows it already, and believes you give her credit for nothing else; if she is not, she must believe you think her a fool by endeavouring to make her vain of what she does not possess.

II.

An Infallible Rule.

When you hear a man bragging of honour, or a woman of virtue, depend upon it, such must have been frequently put to the test, and the conquest cost much self-denial, in order to make the owner vain of it.

III.

The most biting mortification you can inflict upon an upstart is,—to take no notice of him.

IV.

Lethe not Fabulous.

"To err, is human—to forgive, divine," says Pope: if he had added, *to forget*, he would have approached nearer the ways of divinity. Lethe is not a fabled spring, it exists in every man's mind if he would endeavour to trace its source.

V.

A Glorious Revenge.

If you feel inclined to exercise your vengeance against one who has deeply injured you, take the first opportunity of doing him a service. If he have any feeling, you will wound him to the quick.

TO MENDIZABEL.

Brave man ! brave Spaniard of thy country's throng,
 Kneel yet awhile and scoop with deeper shell,
 And boldly quaff, and bathe fair Freedom's tongue,
 In the pure fountain of our* hallowed well.
 While yet concealed, the mouldering trunks among,
 Where error steeps in mist her twilight cell,
 And superstition's reptiles crawl along—
 But for the chosen few its waters swell.
 My name is Time—soon the blast roars amain ;
 Fires, lightning-kindled, the tall oaks emblaze,
 Avenging thunders crash, while Freedom's fane
 Arises radiant from the smoking plain.
 Huge columns thou must rear—thy latter days
 Old Spania's thanks await—her patriot's praise.

Correspondent of the Old Monthly.

To the Editor.—You advocate in a very gallant manner the cause of my sex. Pray go on; and rely upon it, they are not incapable of estimating your motives, which I deem to be none other than those of individual estimation of us. I venture to offer, for publication, my Aunt Mary's opinion concerning Love.

Cambertwell.

Yours, &c. &c. E. E. W.

LOVE.

Love is a passion that must be free, without which it sickens and soon expires. The object of love must always be near, yet not constantly in our embrace. If love lives without its natural food, it grows to a monster; yet it is delicate and easily surfeited, and may, by improper nourishment or excess, be corrupted in its nature, grow to a fierce desire, and surfeit itself with the first appetite. No plant is more difficult to rear; it must have a check on its growth; the superfluous buds and sprouts must be nipp'd, that they may not weaken the root; each branch must be carefully guided and directed, so as to preserve perfect grace and symmetry; yet all this must be done without the slightest appearance of the pruning-knife: nay, so fastidious is it, that the very sight of the doctor would be fatal. This, Sir, my Aunt insists, is the delicate passion of Love.

WOMAN.

WHAT is honour!—glorious arms!
 Compar'd to Woman's love?
 A throne!—the world!—to beauty's charms,—
 All mortal price above!
 Woman!—balm for every woe,
 Of our gross earth, the heaven!
 Man's only paradise below—
 A sweet foretaste of heaven!
 Blest source of life!—our childhood's guard,
 Instructress!—Solace!—friend!
 Young hope's first prize—the near reward
 Of virtue's labour'd end!
 Woman!—balm for every woe,
 Of our gross earth the heaven!
 Man's only paradise below—
 A sweet foretaste of heaven!

ROVER.

* England's.

Father Monthly.—Wilt thou permit me to remind the English, through thy sensible work, that it was the apprehension of Montesquieu, the spirit of increasing armies would terminate in converting Europe into an immense camp, in changing our artisans and cultivators into military savages, and reviving the age of Attila and Genghis. Events are our perceptors, and France (who does not deserve liberty, because she does not know how to value its great blessings) has taught us that this evil contains in itself its own remedy and limit. A domestic army cannot be increased without increasing the number of its ties with the people, and of the channels by which popular sentiment may enter. Every man who is added to the army, is a new link that unites it to the nation. If all citizens were compelled to become soldiers, all soldiers must, of necessity, adopt the feelings of citizens; and despots cannot increase their army without admitting into it a greater number of men interested to destroy them. A small army have sentiments different from the great body of the people, and no interest in common with them; not so a numerous soldiery. This is the barrier which nature has opposed to the increase of armies; they cannot be numerous enough to enslave the people without becoming the people itself. The effects of this truth have been hitherto conspicuous only in the military defection of France, because the enlightened sense of general interest has been so much more diffused in that nation than any other "despotic monarchy" of Europe; but they must be felt by all. An elaborate discipline may, for awhile, in Germany, debase and brutalise soldiers too much to receive any impressions from their fellow-men: artificial and local institutions are, however, too feeble to resist the energy of natural causes. The constitution of man survives the transient fashions of despotism; and the history of the next century will, in all probability, evince on how frail and tottering a basis the military tyrannies of Europe stand. I will write to thee again.

October 17, 1835.

WILLIAM COOPER.

Rae Wilson, in his *Travels*, says:—"It is a curious fact, and little known, that you cannot go along the Pont Neuf, at any hour of the day or night, without passing a priest or a white horse."

The mode in which letters are carried in various countries is a subject of great curiosity. The postman who is the medium of communication between the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, and the provinces which are situated on the east of the Andes, swims for two days down the river Chanaya, and through a part of the Amazons, carrying his bag of letters wrapped about his head, like a turban. There is scarcely an instance of the letters ever having been lost, or even wetted.

Great painters were in general long-lived. Titian was 96; Spinello was nearly 100; Carlo Cignani, 91; Michael Angelo, 90; Leonardo da Vinci, 75; Calabresi, 86; Claude Lorraine, 82; Carlo Maratti, 88; Tintoretto, 82; Sebastian Ricci, 78; Francesco Albano, 88; Guido, 68; Guercino, 76; John Baptist Crespi, 76; Guiseppe Crespi, 82; Carlo Dolce, 70; Andrew Sacchi, 74; Zuccharelli, 86; Vernet, 77; Schedone, 76. *Paris Correspondent.*

Dear M.—I send you the following for your Letter-Box. They are interesting enough.

Yours, L. L.

Oxford, 13th Oct. 1835.

Milton's style, in his *Paradise Lost*, is not natural; it is an exotic style. As his subject lies a good deal out of our world, it has a particular propriety in those parts of the poems; and when he is on earth, whenever he is describing our parents in *Paradise*, you see he uses a more easy and natural way of writing. Though his forced style may fit the higher parts of his own poems, it does very ill for others, who write on natural or pastoral subjects. Phillips, in his *Cydeï*, has succeeded extremely well in imitation of it, but was quite wrong in endeavouring to imitate it on such a subject. Mr. Pope was clearly of this opinion.

In one of Dryden's plays, there was this line, which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a manner as she could:—

"My wound is great because it is so small;"

which had such an effect on the audience (who before were not very well pleased with the play), that they hissed the poor woman off the stage, would never bear her appearance in the rest of her part, and as this was the second time only of its appearance, made Dryden lose his benefit night.

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extremely bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing for the death of her husband; and, after his fall, it is said, the Duke lay with her in his bloody shirt. Mr. Pope relates this fact in his natural good style.

Lord Rochester was of a very bad turn of mind, as well as debauched.

The greatest hero is nothing, under a certain state of the nerves.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.—*Mr. Pope.*

Brutus is supposed to have travelled into Egypt, and there to have learned the unity of the Deity, and the other purer doctrines afterwards kept up in the mysteries.

"The Lock of Hair"—poetry—falsely so called—under the signature P., cannot be admitted.

"To Lilla, on her Departure"—J. S. C. *Idem.*

To the author of the Songs of Switzerland, we are unfeignedly thankful.

"Blanche Rae, a Ballad," has been received, and is under consideration.

The communication signed, "A Dublin Subscriber," has been received: the contents shall have our mediate consideration; they deserve our congratulations as well as thanks.

"LITERARY WIVES."

"It cannot be denied that many women have distinguished themselves in the field of literature; still it must be admitted, that this is not their proper sphere of action. Let such, however, as feel disposed to devote their lives to the advancement of letters, follow their inclinations, but let them not presume to turn wives. A learned wife may be considered about as useful a member of society as a learned pig. Indeed, the latter may be looked upon as the less injurious of the two, for all the loss the *blue-stocking* grunter occasions to society is the failure of her half-yearly crop, or in postponing till her dotage the surrender of her flitches; it being presumed, that as long as the said pig exhibits for the profit of its owner, or for the gratification of the curious, it is kept free from the incumbrance of a family. In this case, no hungry suckers squeak forth their impatience while mamma goes through the alphabet to an admiring company, no domestic duty is neglected, no moral obligation is broken. But the hapless progeny of a learned human mother must pine in ignorance and neglect, while mamma is preparing pap for "babes of a larger growth," or in reading for her evening's exhibition before a circle of *savans*; and that wretched appendage, the husband, is prevented from following some profitable occupation by the honourable part of amanuensis to his better and more learned half."—[We have included this pretending and impetuous morsel of unmanly satire in our "Editor's Box," because we happened to find it there. We need not say, that, to our minds, the writer has condescended to a theme which will not enhance his fortunes in the world of letters; nor is he likely to get *knighted* in the next reign—we mean, of course, in the event of the Princess Victoria ascending the throne; which, let us firmly hope, this highly cultivated and amiable Princess may do in time to come. Let us hope, too, that another age of chivalrous devotion to our *legitimate* and lawful sovereign is at hand.—*Ed.*]

The Editor of the *Monthly*, in reply to G. R.'s interrogatives of the 16th, begs to express his surprise that any gentleman, literary or otherwise, should seek information of the kind needed, through the responsible editor of a periodical. Thus much, however, in brief, and for the immediate satisfaction of his correspondent. The literary man alluded to by G. R. the Editor believes to be a most enlightened christian and poet; a dear, valuable, and highly esteemed friend to all who have the happiness of his acquaintance, and the benefit of his admonitions. Let this suffice.

To our literary friend and correspondent at Swaffham, we are more than obliged.

The "paper" signed Hafiz shall be returned as requested.

M. N. will honour us with his name and address. On the arrival of his "paper," the *whole* of our current No. had been printed—we leave M. N. to conjecture what else we would convey to his understanding. It will occur to M. N. that it must be more than painful to apply his admirable remarks to our uses without knowing to whom we are so deeply indebted. M. N. will bear in mind that the 20th is the very latest day we can receive any "paper" demanding, from its substantial merits, immediate publication. M. N.'s communication is dated Oct. 17th—it did not reach our hands before the 25th, in the morning. In this case, we do not regard the—; on the contrary. Our satisfaction is complete.—Ed.

We have transferred two of Mr. Edward Moxon's elegant sonnets to the pages of the *Monthly*. We trust we have not erred in doing so. Our only apology is this: we were highly pleased with the whole of them, but especially those we have transcribed.

Candidus may have his paper returned.

Our excellent correspondent at Jersey shall hear from us before the 10th of the ensuing month.

N. The Ode to Irish Absenteeism will not suit the *Monthly*. The Editor begs to express his obligations to the writer.

E. W. G., Newcastle on Tyne. His lines are not without merit. The thought they embody is poetical, but by no means new; the whole might be expressed in a sonnet. Perhaps we may have the pleasure of hearing again, from the accomplished writer.

The following papers have been received, and are under consideration:

The Gamester.

Intellectual Economy.

The Legal Enactments respecting Copyright, and their Influence on Literature.

On the Abuses of Language.

Political Economy.

Treatise on Coat-Armour.

An Aldermanic Lament.

Spanish Literature.

Incidents in the Life of a Rat.

Introduction of Orange Clubs into England.

The Philosophy and false Religion of the Ancients.

Ancient History.

Ascent to Cader Idris.

Humbug.

A Derby Settlement.

A Metropolitan Lodging-House.

France—A Fragment.

Edmond Villers—a Legend of the Great Fire, in three Parts.

A Fragment from the Life of three Friends, from the German of Hoffman.

A Trip to the Isle of Sark, on the Coast of Normandy.

The Decline and Fall of Toryism.

An Anecdote of 1649.

Midnight in London.

A Chapter on Landladies, No. I.

Poland ! &c. &c.

Several new publications must remain unnoticed ; we have neither time nor space left us. Literary gentlemen are again requested to send in their "papers" invariably before the 15th of the month.

An editor is wanted by the proprietors of a long-established county paper in the north of England, beyond the Tweed. The salary will not exceed 250 pounds. The candidate will be required to furnish two "leading articles" for each publication, on the popular subjects of the day. The most ample and satisfactory references will be required and given. All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, care of Messrs. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, the publishers.

To the Editor of the "Old Monthly"—Sir,—In the last *Literary Gazette*, an extract is made from Dr. Southey's statement of the reasons why he cannot publish a complete edition of Cowper, which statement requires a little correction.

It is there asserted that Dr. Southey's publishers were treating for the purchase of Cowper's "private correspondence." They never were, in their own names; the only application made on the subject having been through another house, and on behalf of anonymous parties. But even had this been so, were the proprietors of that copyright bound to part with it? Suppose they themselves chose to use it in perfecting Cowper's works, had they not at least an equal right with Dr. Southey's publishers to enter into such an undertaking? It is then inferred that the "private correspondence" is of little worth, and did not sell. The facts, however, were, that £700 were paid for the copyright of these letters; an edition of 2000 copies sold in four months, and nearly half of another large edition a short time after—so fully did the public agree with the late Rev. Robert Hall, as to the value of these letters. It is said an editor "was found" for Mr. Grimshawe's edition: precisely in the same manner that an editor "was found" for the edition in which Dr. Southey is engaged, with this difference only, that Mr. Grimshawe being nearly allied to Cowper's most valued friend, and having been concerned in the original publication of his letters, was therefore peculiarly fitted to become his editor.

But the remark made by Dr. Southey is that which he will in all probability most regret—namely, that whilst a negotiation with his publishers for the purchase of these letters was pending, Mr. Grimshawe's edition was "surreptitiously" preparing. This is an assertion which Dr. Southey must feel ought not to have been lightly made, because it attributes to the highly respectable clergyman who edits the work, as well as to his publishers, conduct which they would both alike despise, and because a little inquiry would have convinced him that the statement is, in itself, wholly untrue. Surely, it would have been much better that Dr. Southey's work should have been published without the blemish of such remarks, and that the public should have been left, as they must be, to choose which edition they may prefer, according to its contents and merits.

Dr. Southey states his determination to make all the use of the "private correspondence" which the law will allow.—This is at least candid. It will, therefore, be the duty of the publishers of Mr. Grimshawe's edition to take care that no "use" of these letters is made which shall in any manner interfere with the publication in which they are exclusively contained, and which must ever give to Mr. Grimshawe's edition a value of which it cannot be deprived.

Conduit-Street, Oct. 20.

SAUNDERS & OILEY.

THE EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

Monthly Magazine Office, 31 Oct. 1835.

THEY who govern best, it is sufficiently evident, make least noise. It may be said, indeed, that "syllables" govern Great Britain at this moment. We have lived long enough to perceive, that when desperate party parasites row in the state barge, at the same time, they who do drudgery work, splash and puff; but he that governs for the national safety, and the happiness of a people determined to be free, sits quietly at the stern, and scarcely is seen to stir. There does not appear to have been any stretching of power: the rule—"eat within your stomach, act within your commission," seems to have been acted upon from the beginning of Lord Melbourne's mild, just, and popular administration. The "war of words" has been succeeded by a calm and sober-minded peace, which even the open enemies of the principles of rational liberty are truly and fairly astonished at—they cannot understand the cause, while they are compelled to acknowledge its effects.

How much, therefore, has the minister of a generous and confiding nation to answer for at a period like the present, when, notwithstanding the downfall of the Tory dictators and their fanatical Merry Andrews, idiot-like ambition runs riot with true patriotism; and predetermined madness struts on the political stage of the world with all the impotence of legalised defection! But the FIRST MINISTER and the people of the United Kingdom are as one man. Fortitude is the practical attribute of the Premier; and a most comprehensive word it is, when properly applied to the King's First Minister; and especially so, when it is allowed by all parties that it has been *honestly* applied. Fortitude is always used morally, and is the name of a virtue which consists in the habit of bearing pain and encountering danger. It is often confined to the endurance of pain, and is used almost synonymously with patience: though it rather indicates a spirit which resists pain, than one which submits to it—courage is active fortitude, and is shown against every kind of danger. The contempt of danger, not from ignorance or inconsiderate levity, but from just confidence in the power of overcoming peril, is heroism. Fortitude is one of those exalted moral qualities, which, on account of their eminent importance, were called by the ancients cardinal virtues.

The consciousness of power which forms a hero—not to say a statesman—usually inspires sentiments so elevated that the word denotes magnanimity and generosity, however irregular, as well as courage. We say, indeed, a “barbarous hero,” but it is a phrase which is striking from the perception of some degree of repugnancy between the parts which compose it. Even Achilles had tender sorrow and placability,—chivalry requires more; not indeed systematic virtue, but noble feelings, and some generous deeds. The most remarkable person of our age is an exception: he seems to have had nothing of magnanimity but the contempt of danger in the field—the least and most ordinary part in a great soul. As such, however, we never were taught, nor do we feel disposed, to look upon the man. He must be included, albeit—they importantly tell us—in the first class of statesmen, and, perhaps, as the first of captains; but his fame as a lawgiver is too doubtful to elicit comment; moreover, he will not be called a hero without some epithet, which will at least erase from the memory of every English heart, and patriot bosom half the glory of the name.

Caligula made his horse a consul, to show the absoluteness of his authority. Peel made the genius of the military illustrissimi, his minister for foreign affairs. *There is a new move on the board.* Dr. Gifford of the Standard, however, may continue to *write*; and the Phœbus of the beleaguering Times may rave—we blush for the prostitution of letters—with all the inflated ardour of two gentlemen of the press; and who shall start up and deny their respective merits?—nevertheless, the Britons are, to all intents and purposes, destined to enact the characters indicated in the drama of British Freedom—*themselves*.

In Lord Melbourne they see the sternness of a reformer without his acrimony: and the dignified sincerity of a patriot without his impetuosity. But, as we have already announced, *there is a new move on the board.* As Englishmen, we blush for the patience of civil and religious liberty.

* It must appear, indeed, to all good men—and we address ourselves to good men only—that in the two public writers above named an integral part of the representative majesty of the British press has been degraded—nay, converted into ignominious and indiscriminate servility: while the remaining branch of it has been upheld by the bold and energetic “Chroniclers of the time;” by the supporters of the “Globe itself;” and by the brilliant rays of that Sun, which, although it shines brightest at eventide, elicits our cordial praise and admiration. The impartial Examiner, and Sunday Observer, will support our position. If this be not good and sufficient evidence, we call upon the Morning Advertiser to vindicate our claims and substantiate our averments. The “smart and sensible” Courier will convey these *facts* perhaps to the Tuilleries—perhaps to St. Sophia—to St. Petersburg—to Berlin—to Vienna? The Courier is no bondsman.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The discovery of some important official Russian documents at Warsaw—those found in the archives of the Russio-Polish government, in 1830, we allude to—has thrown considerable light on the *motives* which actuated the Holy Despots of the north before, as well as since, that period, in regard to France and England, together with the whole of the West of Europe. It is quite clear that, but for the political amity, and the sworn relationship existing between the two countries, a war of extermination—and upon principle, too—would have been precipitated by those “Emperors,” beginning with Belgium, France, and Switzerland; and ending, no doubt, with Spain, Portugal, and may we add—England?

It is not to be doubted, we think, that the attempt would have been made; especially if success had attended their “confederate arms” in France. If the Congress of Munchen-Gratz did not dictate “war,” it was because England and France were solemnly, and for the best and wisest ends, firmly united. We have yet to learn what has been effected at Toplitz. The Kalish mummeries have turned out worse than the merest abortions of royal insanity—they will yield no sufficient result—no indicative movement, calculated to lead us to satisfactory conclusions as to the future. Of the past, we have seen enough to satisfy the most incredulous politicians. It is evident, then, that France and England must pull together, and become henceforth and for ever nothing short of political twin-sisters. They must do, too, as they both would be done by—*perform* as well as promise, in all good sincerity.

It is absurd to talk of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as the allies of England and France; they are antagonist political powers of both France and Great Britain. We would not have either of the northern powers trusted. They stand convicted of all that, as honest men and free, we conscientiously abhor—they are, in fine, the abettors of constitutional slavery.

It is devoutly to be desired, therefore, that no impediment whatever should be thrown in the way, so as to interfere with the good feeling that is known to exist between France and England. Neither Great Britain nor France may remain isolated; both must have, as both need—*allies*. The increasing power of neighbouring states, particularly that of, America—their geographical position—their extensive and still increasing commercial relations—all these, and many more, good and sufficient

reasons, render alliances more than politically necessary ; in fact, the desiderata of both countries—twin-born as they were, and should not have been separated.

We cannot conceive a more stupid or wickedly-absurd notion than that which some men—nay, even sensible public writers employed upon the press in both countries, entertain : namely, that either France or Great Britain could exist alone, and in the absence of any alliance whatever. Words are idle and vituperation useless. It were indeed a work of supererogation to endeavour to inculcate the very contrary of this ineffably puerile doctrine. It cannot fail of affording, notwithstanding appearances, to every tried friend of National Freedom, a very high degree of pleasure and satisfaction, to be told that Lord Melbourne's government is held in no unmeasured estimation by the Cabinet of the Tuilleries. Let us, therefore, as the sensitive and religious advocates of civil and religious liberty—as patriot partizans and good men, hope that France and Great Britain may continue reciprocally happy and powerfully united. Lord Melbourne may be truly said to be the firm hope of the Britons. *LORD DURHAM is abroad and doing.*

Portugal is free ! Spain will soon arise, like the sun of the morning, with power and great glory ; and the name of Isabella II., through the media of her ministers and illustrious patriot, Mendizabel, shall become "terrible," even to the north of Europe. Turkey sighs to be herself. She feels her own abhorrent degradation. Already she has been heard to felicitate Great Britain as her guardian angel ; the British Lion is to-day couchant before the gates of her palaces. And shall Poland be—forgotten ? NO. Poland shall be re-erected—she shall be free. And what of Ireland ? The land of blood and civil infamy ! For Erin there are long and happy days in store. Come what may, freedom she will have ; and rational liberty and public justice alike demand to be ceded to her. We have been among those who *suspected* the "motives" of Mr. O'Connell.—We are free to confess it :—we have lived long enough, albeit, to discover in that *remarkable* man—enough that we despise—less that we love—and more that we admire. The finger of God should seem to be upon him : should he die virtuous as a patriot, how much shall we covet the radii of his unenviable immortality. France has proved herself unworthy of freedom : she cannot estimate the value of rational liberty. But the day of her retributive humiliation is at hand. Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon that hermetically sealed event.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LOYALTY.

IN times like the present, when even illustrious hands are prompt to commit the most indefensible crimes—in this era of “fearful change,” there are few speculations, relative to the political state of the world, more deeply interesting than those connected with the rise and fall of so many dynasties. We have commonly viewed these events through the dim medium of history; but we have lately seen them passing before our eyes, and beheld, too, the whole process of elevation and depression, without any concealment of the springs by which the pageantry is moved. We have been let into the secret of the manufacture (if such a term may be allowed) of those exalted personages upon whom so much of the fate of mankind depends, and the expeditious simplicity of it must, we opine, have occasioned surprise. The *last* addition to the list of European kings, previous to these revolutionary times, was that of the Electors of Brandenburg, promoted to the crown of Prussia: and what a length of political intrigue was necessary to carry it into effect! In later time, nothing more appears to have been necessary than the “*Je le veux*” of *one individual*, announced in an article of a treaty which he has dictated. During the career of victory, it is readily conceivable how this may be done. He who, by his strong arm, can make himself an emperor, may also make brothers or favourites kings, and he will endeavour to support them in their thrones as long as his arm and its strength subsist. But in order to give a firm and lasting establishment to such a state of things, the empire of force must be succeeded by an empire of opinion: for the former is perpetually liable to change hands, unless supported by the latter. It is *OPINION* alone that can secure the quiet transmission of authority from one to another in a particular line, without regard to the personal qualities of the successor, which is the essence of hereditary monarchy; and “opinion” is a thing over which *mere force* has a very limited influence.

The most powerful aid in this point is to be derived from a principle which, though known in its operation in all monarchies, has not, as far as we are acquainted, a specific name in any language but that of the English.

This is "loyalty," a word signifying, with us, exclusively a passionate attachment to the existing monarch, as such. How it has happened to be thus consecrated to royal use in a country generally thought less obsequious to kings than many others, we have not been able to discover; but certain it is, that the same term is differently inflected in different European dialects (*lovauté, leatá, &c.*), and has the more enlarged signification of rank, honesty, and of perfectly good faith. Leaving, however, this verbal discussion, it may be worth while to bestow some consideration on the origin and nature of this passion, which acts so important a part as the "cheap defence" of thrones.

A person raised by power above the rest of mankind, may at first be regarded with jealousy, and even aversion; but if he be successful in maintaining his station, it throws about him a kind of nimbus of grandeur which soon causes him to be looked upon with awe and reverence; and these feelings readily slide into those of attachment and devotion. The simple and ignorant—placed at a distance from the throne—come to regard him as the source of all those blessings which they enjoy, in the social institution of which he is the head; while the ambitious and designing—regarding him as the fountain of honour and emolument—treat him with all the incense of adulation, to gain his favour, and enhance his consequence. By such a process, in the origin of all monarchical governments, the spirit of loyalty has been created, and the influence of courts has been too successfully employed to raise it to the first rank among political virtues. From the remotest times, the East has been peculiarly distinguished for its devotion to the person of its sovereigns: and we find Virgil, in the *Georgics*, making the Oriental passion of loyalty a comparison for the ardent attachment of bees to their king. He himself, however, and other poets of the age, were as extravagant in adulation of Augustus, as if they had been born the subjects of an Eastern despot: and the long and prosperous reign of that emperor, doubtless, laid the foundation of that spirit of loyalty which succeeded to Roman liberty during the Cæsarian dynasty, though its objects were some of the most contemptible and detestable of mankind. Suetonius has left us a curious picture of one of the early Roman loyalists, in the person of Lucius Vitellius, father of the emperor of that name. He, it seems, was the first who paid divine adoration to that paragon of princes, Caligula, not presuming to approach him but with his head veiled, and falling prostrate at his feet. When Claudius succeeded to the throne, he humbly requested of the virtuous Messalina,

that she would permit him to take off her slipper, and having obtained this favour (a very moderate one from that lady), he constantly carried it about with him between his toga and his tunic, sometimes devoutly kissing it. He paid his court to the all-powerful freedmen of that reign, Narcissus and Pallas, by placing their golden images among his household gods. When Claudius celebrated the *secular* games, Vitellius, paying his devoirs, gravely wished him *many* celebrations of the like kind. His "loyalty," though somewhat peculiar, was thought so meritorious, that his remains were honoured by the senate with a public funeral, and his statue was erected before the rostra, with the inscription,—“Of unshaken Piety towards his Prince.” The merit of this piety was doubtless estimated at an inverse ratio with that of its object.

The frequent changes of the imperial line, after the first Cæsars, much impaired the spirit of Roman loyalty, though it was apt to revive upon a few instances of lineal succession; and Domitian, the third emperor of his family, received from Statius, Martial, and other poets, more exquisite adulation than almost any of his predecessors had done. The line of Constantine, also, was treated with a profusion of "loyal incense;" the flavour of which was heightened by the gratitude of a religious party, and the flowers of Grecian rhetoric.

The European Kingdoms which were formed upon the dissolution of the Roman Empire, partook, at various periods, of very different degrees of the loyal spirit. The "feudal system" was little favourable to it, as it often raised the vassal to a competition with his lord, and rendered the duty of allegiance in inferiors obscure and ambiguous. It could not have been active with the Barons of Arragon, when, in swearing allegiance to their sovereign, they used the remarkable form—"We, who are each of us as good, and who are altogether more powerful, than you, &c." In process of time, however, as crowns acquired strength, and obtained the support of civil and religious establishments, the principle of loyalty was revived in full vigour, and, up to this day, even with additional authority. It is, in our time—heaven be praised—fortified by the two great bulwarks of honour and religion: the first inculcated it as a "virtue" characteristic of a gentleman; the second, as a duty only one degree inferior to the piety towards the Supreme Being. In this country it seems to have attained its height in the reign of Elizabeth, when it was enforced by a sort of *chivalrous devotion to a female Sovereign*. "Party" made it also triumphant under Charles II., at the latter end of whose reign, it appears to have laid every other public principle

at its feet. It naturally declined for a time after every deviation from the ordinary course of regal succession, and recovered itself, with the advance of the new line, to maturity. The sincere devotion of the Britons to their present Sovereign needs no comment; and whatever the "secret and combined enemies" of the approaching new dynasty, in the person of the Princess Victoria, may by possibility achieve, his most Gracious Majesty will rest assured, his English subjects will prove loyal to that Princess, in just preference to an usurper, even if he were a scion of the House of Brunswick. It is the great advantage of this "principle" of royalty, then, as conducing to the stability of crowns, that it attaches itself to the wearer of the crown simply as such, and independently of his personal qualities. Were this otherwise, its operation would often be suspended when most needed: that is, when the weakness or vices of the possessor of the crown caused it to totter on his head. Indeed, the generous attachment of the true and faithful loyalist cannot be too much admired, who requires nothing but the name of king to excite his enthusiastic devotion, and gives implicit credit to the owner of it for every virtue under heaven. He can even create to himself an object of reverence in a child in the cradle:

See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp: how through the mother's eyes,
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due;

says Dryden, in complimenting the birth of that child of promise, whose succession nothing but the infatuated bigotry of his father could have frustrated.

Now, that such a support of the modern thrones, which we have seen erected, will be extremely desirable, is obvious; and indeed it can scarcely be conceived, that they can be fairly established without it. As it respects our own sovereign and his crown, we unhesitatingly declare, that Lord Melbourne, in his own person, by his commanding talents, and the splendour of his services to the nation, has accumulated around the wearer of the English crown so much personal admiration, that his Majesty will need no artificial title to the reverence of his British, Irish, and Scotch subjects. Notwithstanding appearances (and we are free to confess, some facts have come to our knowledge, which have had the effect of startling, if not of affrighting us,) we hope there is no reason for supposing that the family line of English

sovereigns will be in any way disturbed. On the same principle, we do not desire to see disturbed the family lines of foreign sovereigns. Civilized Europe has not for ages seen men raised to monarchy from the humbler classes of society; for though regular hereditary descent has, in various instances, been deviated from, the family succession has still been preserved. In the case of the Cromwells, the change from an Oliver to a Richard at once overturned the whole fabric of their power. When the Roman empire became the prize of the sword, it was perfectly in the order of things, that what one sword had given a stronger should take away, and appropriate: and the people at length became entirely indifferent to the lineage of their temporary masters. In what period of time can it be anticipated that a phlegmatic Dutch republican will catch the ardour of loyalty towards King Leopold and his partner; or that a Westphalian, profoundly versed in the genealogies of German princes, and bred in reverential respect for quarterings of nobility, will pay eternal homage to the royal house of *Cumberland*. There is doubtless no reason in nature why Orleans may not become what Bourbons and Nassaus have been; but the means by which it is to be brought about, are not easily assignable: loyalty must long fluctuate between past and present, before it proceeds in its usual train; and there is perhaps more reason to apprehend, that during the confusions and "changes" of the time, the principle may lose its strength with regard to the remaining ancient families on the continent of Europe—certainly not in England,—than to believe that it will be readily transferred to *new ones*. The longer the "struggle of party" continues, the greater will be this danger; for it is in vain to pretend, that, till the EMPIRE OF FORCE is past, that of "opinion" cannot be said to reign triumphant.

ED.

EPIGRAM.

MONEY thou ow'st me—pray thee fix a day
For payment, though thou never pay:—
Let it be doomsday:—nay, take further scope—
Pay when thou'rt honest,—let me have some hope.

REFORM YOUR UNIVERSITY SYSTEM.

By this title, the self-created Conservative will, no doubt, read the destruction of institutions, and the plunder of "vested rights;" the timid but conscientious advocate of "things as they are," discovers the dangerous hand of restless innovation; the man who contemplates public institutions only as the means of public good, and computes their value in proportion to the general benefit produced, is reminded that the Universities halt somewhat behind the demands of the age. We marvel not at all this. It is beyond the reach of human ingenuity to frame institutions which shall adjust themselves to the variations of society; and it is now upwards of two hundred years since the Universities of England began to exist in their present form. If we were inclined to pursue the inquiry, and to analyze the component parts of the system, as adapted to a period so far remote, we question if it would appear to be a system the best fitted, even at that time, to the purposes of a national education "in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences:"—encumbered with a mass of monkish ceremonies; and rendered difficult of access by the fierce restrictions of political and religious zeal. We shall content ourselves, however, with confining our inquiry to the present day, as it is that which concerns the present generation. Our inquiry will comprise two subjects: 1. The subscription to articles, or the declaration of uniformity, demanded of all candidates for degrees. 2. The expenses of a University education. The first will occupy our present consideration—the second we shall defer to a future number. Many years have now elapsed, since this important question was last agitated and discussed. It then met with the support of the most distinguished advocates of civil and religious liberty:* an undaunted few, who, regardless of the pains and penalties which in those days awaited the profession of such principles, kept alive the sacred fire upon the altar of freedom, amidst the thick darkness which clouded the political horizon. It is no wonder that, in such times, their efforts should have proved unavailing.

But although, since that period, various classes of the community have been relieved from grievous and heavy burthens, which they were condemned, for conscience sake, to bear, the fountains of science and literature still remain inaccessible to thousands. Though a University education has become more desirable, and more necessary among the middle classes of society, the Universities still continue disfigured by the barbarous restrictions of a barbarous age; converting those institutions, which were intended for the common benefit of society, to the advantage of a comparatively small portion of the community. In the

* Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, p. 245, 742.

first place let us ask, what is a University? A University is a national establishment for education: a school where *all the arts and faculties* are taught and studied—founded and privileged by the state—for the advantage of the nation, and, as such, all subjects of the state ought to have an equal participation in the privileges and advantages thus bestowed.

In considering this subject, we must be careful to draw the proper distinction between the *University* and the *Colleges*: and a greater distinction cannot possibly exist. The former, as we have said, was founded by the state, for the purposes of education; the latter took their origin and endowments from the private munificence of certain individuals, for the purposes of habitation and maintenance; and are regulated and governed each according to the will of its founder. It was very long after the foundation of the University that colleges began to exist; nor did they exist, at once, in their present form. The students experienced great difficulty in obtaining lodgings; and many were obliged, on account of the high price demanded, to leave the University altogether.* This induced persons, who were anxious for the welfare of the University, to bequeath their houses as places of residence for the students: these went by the name of hostels, and may be considered as the origin of colleges; to these hostels were sometimes attached small endowments for the maintenance of the poorer and more deserving of the students—hence the origin of scholarships and fellowships. Over all these the University was paramount; and all were subservient to public utility, and the interests of science. Thus should it be at the present day; and thus it might be consistently with the welfare and security of the colleges as distinct and independent foundations. But thus it is not. The colleges have usurped the functions and privileges of the University; and have substituted, in their stead, a system subservient only to the spirit of their own peculiar establishments. Every one who is admitted to any degree in the University of Cambridge is required to subscribe the thirty-nine articles; or to declare that he is *bond fide* a member of the Church of England. He must do this, or be prepared to forego all the advantages which the degree in question may possibly produce him in after life. Now, if each and all of the colleges were to exact this test from those persons who are admitted to the enjoyment of their emoluments, on the ground that those emoluments required the performance of the duties of the established church, or that this was in accordance with the wills of their respective founders, we should not be disposed to dispute the justice of such a course. But all degrees are conferred by the University:—the University is not an exclusively ecclesiastical establishment; but an establishment founded by the state, for the purposes of national education in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences; and all subjects of the state have an equal right to participate in the advantages of its studies, and the honours of its degrees. For the clear understanding of this subject we cannot too often repeat that the Universities are not mere seminaries for the established church: it is true that the colleges are principally ecclesiastical establishments.

* See Fuller's History of the University of Cambridge.

The possessors of the fellowships in Cambridge are required to be members of the Church of England, and, for the most part, to take orders; and are *supposed* to study theology: not by any law of the University, but by the private will of the founder, as a condition by which they hold their fellowships and enjoy their emoluments. But the imposition of subscription upon those who derive no emolument from these private foundations, and who, in fact, have a right, as subjects of the state, to the advantages of a University education, can scarcely be defended upon any principles of reason or justice.

Of those persons who graduate at the Universities, by far the larger part, proceed no further than the degree of bachelor of arts. Formerly the studies were continued, and residence was enforced up to the degree of master of arts; and by the statutes of the University, at the present day, this degree is considered as the starting-point from which the possessor enters upon that profession which he may choose—the church, the practice of law, or of medicine.

No subscription or declaration is required at the time of matriculation: the oath of allegiance and supremacy, and an oath of obedience to the officers and the discipline of the University, is all that is then demanded.* Consequently, any person, although unable to subscribe to the articles of the church of England, may enter himself, and pass through the regular course of academical study: many dissenters do this, and some have, of late years, distinguished themselves for their application and attainments; and yet to these persons the degree of bachelor of arts is refused; upon what principle of justice or of policy it is difficult to conceive. Degrees of all faculties are solemn testimonials that the graduate has accomplished a regular course of study in the University, and approved his competence by examination: on these degrees are bestowed, by the civil legislature, certain advantages and privileges in the courts of law, and in the practice of medicine, as well as in the church. The practice of the law and of medicine are now, fortunately for science and society, open to all, without distinction of sect or persuasion. Why should not these advantages and principles be alike open to all? Justice demands that these national privileges should be conferred on all subjects without distinction; and it is for them, who thus withhold, to show by what law they are withheld, and to demonstrate the danger of concession.

For the information of our readers, we will point out the origin of subscription, at the time of taking degrees, and show upon what it rests at the present day.

In the year 1604, the second year of the reign of James I., the clergy, assembled in convocation, framed the canons and ecclesiastical constitutions.* The thirty-sixth canon contains three articles, the substance of which is as follows:—I. The king is supreme in all matters, spiritual and temporal. II. Contains an assent to the liturgy, the ordaining of bishops, priests, and deacons, and the Book of Common Prayer. III. States that the thirty-nine articles are agreeable to the word of

* At Oxford all persons at the time of matriculation are required to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles.

† See Wilkin's *Concilia*, vol. 4, p. 386.

God It declares that no one shall be *ordained* unless he has previously subscribed these three articles.* No positive direction is given as to the Universities. This is perfectly consistent with the object of this canon, which was to prevent any one from being admitted, into the ministry of the established church, who did not fully acquiesce in her doctrines and discipline; and the Universities have no power to confer ordination. The thirty-sixth canon ends thus:—"Academias vero, si quid in hac parte deliquerint, juris ultioni, et regiæ censuræ relinquimus."

In the year 1613, King James addressed the following letter to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge:—

" JAMES R.

" Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well.

" Upon signification to you, not long since, of our dislike of the degree of Doctor of Physic, granted in that our University of Cambridge, without subscription to the three articles mentioned in the six-and-thirtieth canon, of the book of Ecclesiastical Constitutions and canons, made and published in the years of our Lord God one thousand six hundred and three, and one thousand six hundred and four, and in the first and second years of our reign of this our realm of England, to Mr. Burgesse, who upon a humour, or spirit of faction or schism, apostating from his orders and ministry, hath betaken himself to the profession of physick; understanding by your private answer at that time, made unto our challenge to you for the same, that there was no established decree or ordinance in that our University for the denial of degrees to such as should refuse to subscribe as aforesaid; and duly considering with ourselves to how little effect our care and endeavour of preserving, as well uniformity in order, as unity of truth, in this our church will tend, if we should not carefully provide for the deriving of both out of the nurseries and fountains of our church and commonwealth (our Universities), we have thought good by these our letters to signify unto you both our apprehension of the necessity of the establishing of such an ordinance or decree; and also our pleasure for the performance thereof presently in that our University of Cambridge; to wit, that by a public ordinance and decree of the body of that our University, passed by a grace with you, it may be decreed and ordained that, from henceforth, no man shall have granted unto him the degree either of Bachelor in Divinity, or of Doctor in any Faculty, Divinity, Law, or Physick, unless he shall first, and before the propounding of his said grace to the body of the University in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, or his deputy for the time being, subscribe to the aforesaid three articles contained in the aforesaid six-and-thirtieth canon, in such manner and form as in the said canon is *expressed and required*.† Hereof we thought it the more necessary to admonish you; and hereunto require you by these our letters, partly for that in the said six-and-thirtieth canon the neglect of the doing thereof in either of our Universities is provisionally left to our censure; and partly for that we understand our University of Oxford hath long since made a publick ordinance and constitution in this behalf, in so much that they grant not so much as the degree of a Bachelor of Arts without subscription first had; whereas with you there hath not hitherto so much care been had in that our University of Cambridge as to require this subscription of such as receive the degrees of Bachelors or Doctors in Divinity with you.

" Our pleasure therefore is, that you publish these our letters to the body of the University, at the next congregation that shall be had there with you, after the receipt of these our letters: which being done either at the same congregation, or at the next that shall ensue it, we require you to propound, and endeavour to pass

* *Neminem nisi prævia trium articulorum subscriptione ordinandum.*

† The canon only requires the subscription at ordination

a grace to the effect aforesaid; and in due time to certify us of your performing hereof, and the effect of the same.

"Given under our signet at our palace at Westminster, the thirtieth day of June, in the eleventh year of our reign of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland, the six-and-fortieth."*

It is not likely that, in those days, the senate of Cambridge would have used much deliberation before they complied with the desires of a King; and accordingly we find that, on the 7th of July following, six days after the date of the King's letter, the following grace passed the senate:—

"Placet nobis ut juxta tenorem literarum, a serenissimo rege Jacobo missarum, hoc in senatu decerneretur, ut nullus in posterum sibi concessum habeat gratiam pro gradu baccalaureatus in theologia, vel doctoratus in aliqua facultate adipiscendo, qui non prius coram domino procancellario, aut ejus deputato, tribus articulis, nimirum regii primatus liturgiæ Anglicanæ, et articularum religionis de quibus conveverunt archiepiscopi et episcopi anno Domini, 1562, manu sua subscripserit; et ut hæc concessio vestra loco statuti habeatur, et in libris procuratorum infra decem dies inscribatur!!"†

This grace, exacted subscription from bachelors in divinity, and doctors in divinity, law, and physick. On the 3rd of December, 1616, three years afterwards, King James sent a number of directions addressed to the vice-chancellor and heads of houses, the first of which only applies to our subject, and is as follows:—

"First, his Majesty signifieth his pleasure that he would have *all that take any degree* in schools to subscribe to the three articles."‡

It does not appear that any grace was passed by the senate, as in the former case, making this a law of the University. These "directions" were accompanied by a letter from the Bishop of Winchester, which is rather amusing, and is as follows:—

"To the right worshipful Mr. Dr. HILLES, master of Katherine Hall, and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge:

"Good Mr. Vice-Chancellor, I have sent you his Majesty's hand to his own directions. I think you have no precedent that ever a king, first with his own mouth, then with his own hand, ever gave such directions. And therefore you shall do very well to keep that writing curiously, and the directions religiously, and to give his Majesty a good account of them carefully, which I pray God you may. And so with my love to yourself and the rest of the heads, I commit you to God.

"From Court this 12th of December, 1616.

"Your very loving Friend,
JA. WINTON."§

How this ordinance of King James was received, does not appear. It has not always, however, existed without opposition, for we find that, in the year 1661, a complaint was made against the vice-chancellor for stopping the degrees of fifty commencing bachelors of arts, who refused to subscribe.

"The present Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, without any law of England, or statute of the University, or canon, or any other colour of law, and especially con-

* Statutes of the University of Cambridge, p. 279.

† *Ib.*, p. 371. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 282. § *Ib.*, p. 281.

trary to his Majesty's declaration, and contrary to all conscience and reason, could dispense with his conscience in usurping an arbitrary power, to the open prejudice of many of his Majesty's subjects, in their children, to stop fifty Commencers from commencing, because at twenty-four hours' warning they could not find in their consciences to subscribe to the lawfulness of the Common Prayer, and the book of consecration, and to the thirty-nine articles. Yet all these must the questionists subscribe, and be forced to do it by the arbitrary power of the Vice-Chancellor, expressly contrary to his Majesty's declaration. What authority he hath since procured for the future, and by what acts we know not; but we are sure when he did this he had no such." †

This was in the 13th of Charles the Second, and 44 years after the ordinance of King James. In the 13th and 14th of Charles the Second, the Act of Uniformity passed. This act directs that all masters, fellows, scholars, chaplains, and tutors shall subscribe, or in default shall lose the benefit of their masterships, fellowships, &c. Nothing is said as to the *students* at the Universities; much less is any direction given that they shall subscribe at the time of taking degrees.

In December, 1771, a petition was presented to the Vice-Chancellor from the Undergraduates, who were about to proceed to their degrees in the month of January following, praying to be relieved from subscription to the thirty-nine articles on taking the degree of bachelor of arts.

On February 6th, 1772, Sir W. Meredith presented a petition to the House of Commons, signed by 250 persons, principally clergy of the established church, praying to be relieved from subscription to the thirty-nine articles, which petition, after a spirited debate, was rejected.* On February 28, of the same year, the Senate of Cambridge appointed a Syndicate or Committee to consider the propriety of abolishing subscription:† and on the 23d of June, the following grace passed the senate, abolishing subscription, on taking the degree of bachelor of arts, and substituting a declaration.

"Placeat vobis ut ii qui gradum baccalaureatus in artibus ambierint pro usitata subscriptione tribus articulis in Canone tricesimo sexto comprehensis in hanc formam apud registrarium vestrum in posterum subscribant."

"I, A. B., do declare that I am *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England, as by law established." ‡

On the 23rd of February, 1773, a debate took place in the House of Commons, on the motion of Sir W. Meredith, "that the house do resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, to consider of the subscription to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, or any other test now required of persons in either of the two Universities." This motion was rejected.§

On the 26th of March, 1779, a grace passed the Cambridge senate abolishing subscription on taking the degrees of bachelor of laws, bachelor of medicine, and bachelor and doctor of music. This grace substitutes a declaration instead of subscription, and is as follows:—

"Placeat vobis ut ii qui gradum baccalaureatus, vel in Jure civili vel in medicina, et gradum baccalaureatus vel doctoratus in musica ambierint pro usitata

* Kennet's Register, p. 374.

† See Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, p. 245.

‡ Statutes of the University of Cambridge, p. 435.

§ Ib. p. 436.

¶ Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, p. 742.

subscriptione tribus articulis in canone tricesimo sexto comprehensis, in hanc formam apud registrarium vestrum in posterum subscribant.

"I, A. B., do declare that I am *bond fide* a member of the Church of England as by law established."*

It appears therefore that in the year 1613 the University passed a grace, bearing date July 13, in pursuance of the King's letter, whereby all bachelors in divinity, and doctors in divinity, law, and physic, are required to subscribe the three articles of the 36th canon. In 1616, King James *directs* that all persons taking any degree whatsoever shall subscribe. The University never passed any grace or statute, as in the former case, constituting this the law of the University: the subscription therefore required of persons taking the degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and also the degrees of bachelor of laws and of medicine, was only on the authority of the King's direction. Now if in the former case it was necessary to pass a grace, to render subscription legal and compulsory upon those of whom it was demanded, it must for the same reason have been necessary in the latter. It follows therefore that, in the latter case, the subscription was illegally demanded; and it appears that in the year 1661 it was so considered. A declaration that the individual is *bond fide* a member of the Church of England, has been substituted, instead of subscription, at the time of proceeding to the degrees of bachelor in arts, laws, and physic. The subscription is still demanded of those who take the degree of master of arts, upon no other authority than that of King James's direction. No person, therefore, can be admitted to any degree who cannot, at least, conscientiously declare himself a member of the Church of England; and thus a large class of the community are prevented from participating in the benefits of a University education.

In concluding our remarks upon this most important subject, we shall only observe—first, that the imposition of subscription, upon candidates for degrees, cannot be justified upon any principle of safety to the establishment: secondly, that it is unjust towards the persons of whom it is required: thirdly, that it is contrary to the interests of the University.

And first, it is unnecessary as a safeguard to the establishment. For the clear illustration of this, let us take a case—and we could instance many:—Four years ago a gentleman distinguished himself, at the general examination for degrees, both as a mathematical and as a classical scholar: he could not conscientiously declare himself to be *bond fide* a member of the Church of England, and therefore his degree was refused. Upon what principle? Not that the discipline and doctrines of the Established Church would have been endangered; for if the individual in question had presented himself to a bishop for ordination, it would then have been time enough to have examined his religious tenets, and to have required his solemn assent to the doctrines and discipline of that Church, of which he sought to become a minister. Had he been a candidate for a fellowship in the college, of which he was a member, the society might—in conformity with their statutes and in the spirit of their foundation—have called on him to subscribe; nor should we have questioned the justice or propriety of such a step.

* Statutes of the University of Cambridge, p. 441.

We call on the advocates for subscription at the time of admission to degrees—for the *onus probandi* lies on them—to show upon what ground it can be justified. We assert that subscription is altogether unnecessary, even at the degrees of bachelor and doctor in divinity: the candidates for these degrees are required to be in holy orders, and it must be presumed that no bishop would ordain any one whom he had not first carefully examined and approved. The right reverend Bench are the guardians of the doctrines, and the promoters of the discipline of the Church of England, and these matters may be safely entrusted to their keeping.

If subscription be unnecessary, it follows that it is unjust. For one party to maintain a right, in such a manner as to be unnecessarily injurious to the rights of another, is manifest injustice. This perhaps will be denied. We are reminded that the dissenter may come to the University, and enrol himself among the number of its students; and that he may reap the same benefit from its lectures as others;—it is true that the University, at the close of his studies, confers no degree upon him, however he may have distinguished himself by his talents and acquirements; but why all this clamour about a degree? Is a degree, then, of no value? Independently of the respect which such a testimonial insures to the individual upon whom it is conferred, it is attended with advantages in the world, and with certain valuable privileges in the practice of the law and of medicine. Surely, to withhold the passport to these privileges, is unjust, especially when the safety of the Establishment can in no way be pleaded. But it amounts to a virtual exclusion. If the dissenter be denied a degree at the close of his studies, he cannot afford to incur the heavy expense attendant on a residence at the University. He is therefore obliged to content himself with such an education as academies*—established and maintained at his own expense—will produce; and thus he is forbidden to approach, and to draw from, those pure and copious fountains of science and literature which ought to flow for the national good.

Lastly, it is prejudicial to the interests of the University. The celebrity of a University—the brightness with which she shines forth as a great luminary of learning and philosophy—depends on the number of her members who are employed, whether within her precincts or upon the wide theatre of the world, in the advancement of literature and of science. The rude barrier, which excludes all who are not of the Established Church, lessens the number of these members, and many a brilliant intellect passes unknown; *for genius is of no sect or persuasion*. How many are there who can trace the honours and distinctions, at which they have arrived in after life, to the studies pursued whilst at the University; and which, perhaps, first developed and brought to maturity those powers of the mind which might otherwise have lain dormant for ever, and even unknown to the possessor himself. Such an one seldom reverts to the scene of his academic labours, without mingled feelings of pride and gratitude. And thus the firmest basis on which the University can rest

* Let it not be supposed that we would here underrate the respectability or the studies of the dissenting academies; but we are aware that they depend principally on voluntary contributions:—a system under which the standard of education can never be raised to the desired height; and which must affect the permanent security of the establishments.

is the respect and esteem of the people. The principle of exclusion tends to narrow this basis ; and might ultimately produce the overthrow of the establishment, or at least cause it to sink into comparative insignificance. For instance, the College of Physicians admit no one, into their society, who is not a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge ;—these universities allow no one to become a graduate, who is not a member of the Established Church ;—therefore, so long as the College of Physicians adheres to this regulation, no dissenter, however distinguished in the profession, can be a member of that learned body. We will not stay to consider the justice of this ; but suppose a second Hervey to arise, and he a nonconformist : can it be imagined that the College of Physicians would hesitate to admit him a member of their society, because he was not a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge ? Impossible. Thus these absurd and unjust restrictions must ultimately defeat themselves. We shall, perhaps, be told, that this is of no consequence ; that it is not desirable for the Universities to become schools of medicine. Indeed ! We warn the Universities to beware how they sink into mere nurseries for the Church. We believe that no other University in Europe can be pointed out, not even that of Dublin, where a religious test is required at the time of conferring degrees. Considering, therefore, this question in all its bearings, we come to the conclusion that the restrictions of which we complain are prejudicial to the best interests of the University, and unjust towards the public, unless they can be justified : and, as we have before said, the burden of justification rests entirely with the advocates for subscription,—they ought to be removed without delay. We call upon the members of the Senate to enter immediately upon the consideration of this subject, in the spirit of good will and sincerity. They must see and acknowledge, whatever may be the tenor of the statutes which regulate and govern the Colleges to which they respectively belong, that the charter and statutes of the University are distinct from, and independent of, all these. If ever it were necessary to impose the test of subscription, that necessity has long ago ceased to exist. It now can answer no good purpose. It is often grievous to the conformist ; it is always injurious to the nonconformist ; it is not necessary for the protection of the establishment ; and, unless the University is prepared to afford relief, redress will be sought through the medium of the legislature.

A FRAGMENT.

THE green grass shook its head all mournfully,

And tears, in plenty, o'er her grave were wept ;
And sighs, that quieted would never be,

The zephers breathed—while they their vigils kept :
By living, and by lifeless, mourn'd was she ;

Alas ! they could not wake her, for she slept
Her dreamless and her lasting sleep—ah me !

The pleasant and the beautiful again
May throw their ray-like witchery, but in vain.

T.

DISPUTE BETWEEN THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

Translated from Cap. XL. of the Rabbin Jehuda Charizi's Tahkémoni.

HERMAN EZRACHI gave me the following narration :—One night I was lying on my bed, when sleep had fled from mine eyes. While, tormented by lively pains and acute anguish, I was with difficulty moving myself on my couch, I heard a loud knocking at the door of my house. The knocking continued without intermission, and I cried out aloud, "What man is this, who seeks to enter in the midst of darkness, and in the obscurity of night?"—"It is," answered he who was knocking, "a traveller, who hath strayed from his path, and who, devoid of all resource, is a prey to the most dismal apprehensions." At the sound of the words, which issued from his mouth, as sharp as the blade of a razor, I called my servant and ordered him to admit the traveller. When he entered, supported by his staff, bearing his baggage, and clad in old and ragged garments, I began to consider him attentively; but what was my astonishment, when under these rags and tatters, I recognised my dear comrade, the doctor, whose society had been my delight. My joy was the joy of a man who hath found a rich treasure,—all my griefs vanished and were forgotten; a pleasure inexpressible took possession of me. I caused to be placed before him whatever there was in the house, and he ate of all the meats which I presented to him. Having concluded his repast, and returned thanks to God for his bounties, he began to display all the treasures of his eloquence, and to open all the coffers of his wisdom. I instantly took ink and tablets, to put down in writing the words which escaped from his mouth. But scarcely had I begun to write, when the pen broke in my hand; I promptly seized another, it likewise broke; and I threw it from me in anger. "Why," asked Chaber Hahkini, "dost thou cast away that pen? God himself made choice of it; beware of destroying it; for it is the source of blessings. Hadst thou been acquainted with the magnitude of its merits, thou wouldst have been reluctant to throw it away thus. Canst thou be ignorant of the words full of meaning, and the wise discourses, by which it hath demonstrated its value? If thou desire, I am ready to inform thee; nor will I refuse thee a full communication."—"Speak," said I to him; "mine ears are opened to give free entrance to thy words, and the light of thy countenance hath enlarged and invigorated my sight. Chaber then said :—

"In times past, a contest arose between the king's ministers, who held the pen for the execution of his will, and the generals, who commanded his armies.

"Eloquence is our portion," said the first; "we are the heroes of council and deliberation. The oracles of prudence proceed from our mouths, and upon them we have established the foundations of the empire; they are the bond which unite and consolidate its structure. Our hands hold the pen, an instrument of immense value, whose power

nothing can resist, which overturns giants, which gives understanding to the simple. Though its stature be small, and though it exhibit nothing remarkable; though its exterior seem weak and powerless, the brave who have drawn the sword from the scabbard, are constrained to retreat before it. Princes, inflated with their grandeur, are annihilated by it." Then taking up the poetical lyre, they added :—

'Yes; we are the immoveable supports of glory; the pen, in our hands, is the honour of the diadem; to us alone is due the pinnacle of grandeur; we tread under our feet the stars of the firmament. They who brandish the sword are only our slaves; the iron of our spear penetrates their heart, plunging into it without resistance.'

"What do you say?" answered the chiefs of the armies. "Are not the lions of battle, the brave with intrepid heart? We cause the flame to flash from the bosom of swords, which clash against each other, and the terror which we inspire renders nations deserted and uninhabited. The people, who dwell in them, fly from them with a torn breast; parents abandon their children to withdraw themselves from our fury. To us alone belongs the sword, which without a tongue speaks powerfully, which without an eye-ball pierces every where with its penetrating glances. Impetuous in its course as the torrent of Kissoun, and the floods of Phison, it carries along with it whatever resists. When the pillars of the kingdom assemble in the presence of the Most High, it reaches above the heads of all; for it is the crown of monarchs, the diadem of the Lord's anointed. It watches over the preservation of those who carry it, and the victims of its vengeance are as the sands of the sea." Then adopting a more elevated style, they sang :—

'Like that portion of the offering consecrated to the Eternal, which a pontiff raises upon his altars, the sword drawn from the scabbard, flashes in our hands and menaces the heads of our enemies. In the day of terror, when the brave seek a refuge from danger, our bared arms encounter the fight. As flourishes the vine, watered by the rains of heaven, so doth our sword bathed in the blood of its victims. It passes over the earth with the velocity of lightning; it takes its flight, and the same instant beholds it alight upon the head of our enemies.'

When both parties had thus spoken, the Sword and the Pen stepped forward to assert their rights in person. "It is I," said the Sword, "who inspire the brave with courage and strength; it is I, from whom the vultures and lion's whelps expect their nourishment. While I exist, they will experience neither hunger nor thirst; for I feed them with the flesh of heroes, and I make them drunken with the blood of the bravest warriors. How can the Pen, which my fires consume, which I tread under my feet, compare itself with me? How can a frail half-broken reed, like the bramble and the nettle, have the audacity to contend for rank with me? Should my arm touch it in the slightest manner, it will break; the wind hath breathed upon, and not a trace of it remains."

"Truth hath come out of thy mouth;" replied the Pen, "all that thou hast said is just. Yes; it is thou, who sheddest blood, thou art known by thy violence and cruelty. Ah! what blood hast thou spilt! how many innocents hast thou murdered! From the first day of thy

existence thou hast never ceased to depopulate the earth, to fill its recesses with carcasses, to separate children from their fathers, and to tear them from the bosom of their mothers. If by thy strength thou prevailest against me, learn that it is not in my strength that my power consists, but in the spirit which animates me. With what countenance canst thou compare thyself with me? I am a man of a pure and spotless life, who dwelleth in tents; thou! thou art a vagabond who makest thy dwelling in deserts; thou hast for thy retreat precipitous mountains, rocks inhabited by the chamois, a bed dug by the torrent, or the obscurity of gloomy and antique forests. Whosoever beholdeth thee, hasteneth to flee: my aspect, on the contrary, inspires joy; my society, full confidence. Thou art regarded as a contaminated man, whose touch is contagious, as a wretch proscribed and banished from civilized society. Robbers, and wicked people—men who have sinned from their mother's womb—are the only mortals who seek thy company. As for me, no wicked man is received in my dwelling; the sinner hath no share of my fellowship; he dare not even raise his eyes upon me. He who walks in the path of innocence is alone worthy to serve me; I am found only in the hands of the virtuous. I receive the homage of the first of mankind; monarchs have no secrets from me; it is by my ministry that their intentions are fulfilled; and, when I am with the king of kings in the midst of his temple, thou art not permitted to approach!"

"Thy boastings," replied the Sword, "and the lies which thou utterest, merit no answer. Ask only the ancient days which preceded thy existence. They will answer and teach thee, that it is by my assistance that the king triumphs over those who rise against him, reduces rebels to obedience, subdues his enemies, and the traitors who would cast off his yoke. Fortified towers, ramparts, and citadels, are conquered only by me. It is I to whom the king owes the preservation of his power; but for the terror which I excite, his grandeur could not be maintained one moment. I preserve him from his oppressors, I send my terrors before him, I overwhelm those who attack him, all the cohorts of his enemies, and all the people with whom he wages war; at the sight of the sword, with which his hand is armed, who among them can remain firm?"

When the Pen heard the discourse so full of haughtiness and disdain, which the Sword directed against him, he addressed to him the following verses:—

'I am mute, but when I assemble my armies, I make the fiercest men
'tremble at my words. My discourses are the ornament of the head of
'kings; my excellent parables are the joy of hearts. It is I, whom the
'Eternal employed to trace the Ten Commandments which he gave on
'Mount Horeb, that they might be the inheritance of his people. When
'the sword is raised, I unfurl my standard above its heads. On the
'day in which it dare measure itself with me, I remain erect, and it falls
'prostrate at my feet.'

"When I had heard this eloquent discourse," says Herman Ezrachi, "I wrote the words on the tablet of my heart; I engraved them with a point of iron. I passed many days with him; many hours and years elapsed in joy and pleasure, to the moment when time wounded me with the arrow of separation, and severed me from the milk of his company."

SONNETS, BY EDWARD MOXON, Esq.

WORDSWORTH, of all men who have graced our age,
 Whether the muse they served, or in the state
 Stood at the helm, or in cathedral sate,
 Or judge's chair, or yet adorned the page
 Heroic deem'd, surpassing those of yore
 Who shone at Poitiers, Cressy, Agincour !
 None have like thee from unknown sources brought
 The light of truth, the feeling, and the thought
 Dwelling in humblest things ; the human heart
 Thou hast ennobled ; and enlarged the spheres
 Of our perceptions, giving them a part
 In all that breathes ; nor stone, nor flower appears,
 Whether in fields or hills retired and holy,
 For thy all comprehensive mind too lowly.

WRITTEN IN THE PERE LA CHAISE, ON THE SPOT WHERE MARSHAL NEY
 IS BURIED.

WHAT ! neither flower nor cypress on thy grave,
 While all around a hallowed garden blooms ;
 And piety low bends among the tombs,
 Watering with tears the earth she could not save ?
 But not so sleeps the " bravest of the brave ;"
 The Hero of a hundred battles ; gory
 Though be the shroud he lies in, yet nor wave,
 Nor storm, nor time, can e'er efface the story
 Of his high deeds. Be satisfied, great shade !
 No epitaph thou need'st, or marble heap :
 Thee Chivalry her gallant son hath made ;
 And History of thee much store will reap.
 What need of monument, or tomb array'd,
 When ev'n the stranger comes, o'er thee to weep ?

BETWEEN DECKS.

"Now for a jolly evening!—our watch don't come yet these two hours. Bill, nick off the cabbage end of your mutton, and hand us over the grog:—that's all right! Send us over a little of the baccar, too, if you've got any beside ye;—my clay runs short of its lading: thankee! Who'll sing us a song?" cried one of the group of bronzed seamen, gathered closely around a mess table, on which were disposed no end of conveniences for drinking;—pipes, tobacco-stoppers, and boxes, half-burnt papers, &c. &c.

"I'd sing a song," returned another, "only my voice is a little out of order, and besides you've had all my stock of songs over and over. But mine's the right sort of singing when I'm in the way of it—an't it, boys? and I makes no bones over it, and that's better."

"You never larnt?" inquired a neighbour.

"Larnt!—larnt what?"

"How to sing."

"How to sing?—devil a bit! it all comed by natur! My mother was a precious good hand at a song, and some of her talent has comed down to me. Like father, like son, you know, an old saying, and I don't see why like mother like son should'nt be one, too. Her father was an innkeeper;—a very 'spectable kind o' person,—worth plenty of blunt, had kept house for a matter o' twenty year—and he got lots of custom to his place, by squatting her in the tap-room, and letting her sing of an evening to the visitors. She singed vhat they call Bacchanally songs, and trolled 'em out so deuced well, that all those what heard her, listened with such relish, that they drank like fishes, and spent all their coppers like so many kings. Many and many's the half-crown my mother's put into her father's pocket. He wouldn't let her marry, though there was plenty of tugging at him for her, because why?—because she kept the chink going at the bar, and drawed more drinkers to the Adam and Eve,—that was the sign of the house, you know,—than all the other public-houses in the street, could get together. The voice had been in the family, on the mother's side, a long time; her mother's maiden name was *Nightingale*—perhaps that was one of the reasons for it."

"It might have been," cried one of the speaker's neighbours, "for sometimes people's names wonderfully agrees with their employments. I knowed a lawyer's clerk once at Truro, and his name was Clutchem; the schoolmaster said he was born for the perfession; and his parents thought so, too, for they put him 'prentice to one in their town."

"Well! I says," cried another, "that some of you had better sing us a song, or tell us a story. Bob Wilkins says he can't sing, and you know, he's our Appolyou, and so"—

"Appolyou!—what's an Appolyou?"

"What's an Appolyou!—'Tan't a *thing*, man; he was a human creatur'. A God, what singed and fiddled, a thousand—ay! two thousand year ago."

"And do you call me a God?" said Bob Wilkins; "perhaps you mean that this Appolyou was the God of singing."

"Bob, you're as sharp as a needle. Appolyou was the God of *music*, you know, and singing and music are nigh hand the same thing."

"I say, Bill!" whispered one of the group on the opposite side of the table, to his immediate neighbour, "Hard-fist's been reading a book!"

"A strange book to talk about *Gods*," was the reply. "I thought there was only one."

"If nobody 'll sing," said a third, who had hitherto puffed in meditative silence, looking alternately at each speaker, "I'll tell you a story; (knocking the ashes out of his pipe,) and it shall be a true story. We've had lately enough *friction* to last us our life-time. Who wotes for my story? Those who says ay! hold up their hands, and those who says no! keep them down. That's a strait-forred way of doin' business. So!—let us see! what! five up, and three down. Carried—*crim. con.* by George!"

"Slip off!" cried two or three, swilling down the grog, and again looking out for their pipes.

"Well!—give us the licker. I can't talk till I've just moistened my throat a little." The speaker, whose name was William Duncan, took the readily proffered goblet, and gulped down half a pint, by moderate computation. He stopped suddenly, however, in the draught, and breathing hard, said, holding all the time the beverage within an inch of his lips—"Some people thinks,—it's just comed into my head,—that this here bump was brought into the throat by Adam—the man, you know, what was put into a garden, and—and—had Eve along with him"—

"Ay!—ay! we know," ejaculated all.

"Well! some says that the apple that he eat, that Eve gived him, sticked in his throat, and there it has been ever since. What d'ye think? d'ye think it's likely?"

"It was the devil that gived it to Eve, wasn't it," suggested Bob Wilkins.

"The devil?—no!—doesn't it say in the scripturs, it was a serpent?"

"A serpent!" cried Bob. "Ho!—ho! that's a jolly good 'un. I've heard she was *persuaded* to take it, and whoever heard of a serpent's having a voice?"

The laugh ran mightily against the wight who had mentioned the serpent.

"Well! that's neither here nor there," interrupted the promised story-teller. "It might have been the devil, or it might have been the serpent; at all events, Adam eat the apple, core and all; and, according to the pop'lar verson of the story, paid for it by not having it altogether to digest. Now, what I wants to know is, whether you think it likely that his eating the apple caused this here bump in the throat?"

"Why, look ye here!" returned another, very gravely swaying himself backwards and forwards in his seat, as if he was labouring to get out something extremely profound,—“the devil gave the apple to Eve, and we know the devil's very wicked:—now, if the devil's very wicked,

it's not likely he would bear any good will to Adam;—if it's not likely he bore any good will to Adam, he would not have tried to do him any good;—if he wouldn't have tried to do him any good, and gave the apple, it's plain the apple must be intended to do mischief:—now, if the apple was intended to do mischief, it's plain the apple wasn't good to eat, and if the apple wasn't good to eat, the apple couldn't go down, and if the apple couldn't go down, it must have stuck in Adam's throat; and the end of it is, that if the apple stuck in his throat, as there wasn't no doctors in those days, and it couldn't be *distracted*, there it must have stuck to everlasting:—and that's the reason we've got it now;—and there's plenty of logic for ye."

"Logic!—what's logic?"

"What I've been talking—it's the putting a thing in a convincing point o' view; so, there you've got it all now, and tip me over the grog and some baccar."

"Are you convinced, Bob?"

"Yes, I suppose I am;—an't you?"

"Not altogether. This logic may be all very fine, but I'm blowed if I understand it. Howsomever, we're certain that Adam eat the apple, and we suppose that it stuck in his throat. Come, now for the story."

"Well, boys!" cried Duncan, "it was about a matter o' ten year ago, that I sailed for a cruise of fifteen months, in the *Firedrake*, a bran-new, beautiful-going, thirty-six gun frigate. By George! but she *was* a beauty;—I fancy I've got her now in my eye;—all sail set,—decks to the wind,—starboard tack,—bowling along like a witch, as she was,—water hissing up at her bows,—green ripples flashing all about her,—and her streamers flacking aloft, like trains o' fire. I was young at the time—that is, younger than I am now——"

"That's deucedly certain!" cried Bob.

"Hold ye'r jaw, Bob—and as merry and happy as the day was long. Many's the watch I've held on her decks, with the moon a blinking above, and the water flopping below, the wind sighing through the cordage, and sights o' dolphins sporting about, poor things! all looking as merry as crickets. Many's the good story I've heard aboard her; such as 'ud make you crack your sides with laughing; and many's the jolly song we've sent to the clouds of a quiet night—but I am getting a little out of my reckoning. Well! we cut across the Atlantic in glorious style, sometimes hard down with a burst of bad weather, and sometimes slap becalmed—sails like rags—sea like glass. But, on the whole, we had a very pleasant voyage; no end of amusements aboard us;—by the bye, bless'd if we didn't get up a play!—upon my soul, we did, and I was the Fair Penitent, though I didn't make a very good hand at it; and our boatswain was a feller in it, that they call Coragio, or Boragio, or summut like that. Well, more o' that another time. We got to our cruising-ground all in health and spirits, and began to look about us; but we hadn't much work. Now and then, perhaps, a tail of a gale would take us, and oblige us to take in some of our wings; but they generally didn't last long, and we had the old *row time*, as they call it, of our service to go over agin. We overhauled a few merchant brigs, and so on; sometimes we let 'em go, 'cause there wasn't much to keep them for, aboard 'em; and sometimes we kept 'em for prizes, and had 'em con-

demned. Well, the time passed on sleepily, like this, for seven of the fifteen months, and we began to look forred for the time o' being relieved. Not having much to do, a good many of our men took to fishing;—good sport we had sometimes, catching all manner on 'em, good, bad, and indiff'rent. Well, one day—'twas a precious fine un—I remember it very well, the sun was up above, all flaring as hot as possible; the sea looked so shiny that we could scarcely bear to look at it, and it was so dreadful close, that all on deck got quite drowsy. I, and another man, named Tim Dowling—by the bye, he was a bit of an Irishman; at least, his father and his mother was Irish; they kept a crockery shop at Cork, very 'spectable people: Tim's grandfather had a post in the excise, with good wages, and now and then a good deal of condemned wares;—pass us the grog, will ye, Bob?—well, as I was saying, Tim Dowling an' I—he was a short, sturdy-looking chap, with a devil of a brogue—was a stretching over the starboard bulwark, with what we called our haggling-rods in our hands, and a bit of sheep's heart apiece on the hooks. I said afore, that the day was very sultry. Well, I was a shutting my eyes, and feeling a little inclined to snooze, and Tim was a going off in downright arnest. By and by, out slipped his rod out of his hand, and over he fell!—Ay! right overboard, by George!—But I forgot to tell ye he had lost one of his pins;—the larboard one it was—and wear'd a wooden one. I'll tell you how it was: he happened to fall in a gale from the fore-yard, when he'd been sent up to help in taking in a reef: the doctor spliced it as well as he could,—a clever feller he was, too—I could tell you a dozen *antidotes* of what wonderful things he did; but a inflammation comed on, and nothing could be done, but it must be lopped off; so—but I'm steering a little wide, a'nt I?—Let's see! Where did I leave off?"

"Why, you'd just got him overboard."

"Ay!—now I've got it. Well, Tim fell smack over, and a devil of a fuss there was aboard when I sung out. I cocked my eye over the bulwark, and what should I see, but a perdigious great shark, rising up out of the deep water, and making way directly for poor Tim. Poor devil! he screamed like I don't know what. Down went the swings of the jolly through the davit-blocks, and the crew pulled hard out for him, for by this we had made some way, and he had drifted astarn. They warn't in time, for the shark had got hold of his leg;—but it was the *wooden one*, though, and master shark had no soft morsel. He looked as if he couldn't make out for all the world what he'd got in his throat. Well! the shark tugged at Tim's pin, and the boat's crew tugged at Tim, till there was such splashing and haggling in the water never was seen. You never seed such fun. But they got him at last aboard, and he began to beat about with his tail, like a fury. A hatchet soon brought him to his senses, and after Tim had been brought aboard again, and the boat was runned up, we had leisure to cut him open, and see what was inside. A mighty fine feller he was, indeed! I don't know how many feet long. We found inside, a *boat's rudder*, a *straw hat*, a *baccar-box*, a *spirit-flask*, a *sugar-box*, *compass*, and *beer-barrel*; all in a very undejected state. We got off his skin, and threwed him overboard; and there's my story."

"Talking of falling overboard," said Bob Wilkins, as William Duncan resumed his pipe, and began to smoke vehemently, "puts me in

mind of a gallows good story that I knows myself for a fac'. When I was aboard the Dry-head, 40, Captain Trunnion, there was a fo'castle man named Ned Curtis, a very good feller, and one what tooked all things very easily. I remember once he fell much in the way as your man did, Duncan, only he was in a worse perdicament, as the sea was running high, and we was making good way. The captain jumped to the side, "Hillo, Curtis!" says he, "is that you overboard?" "Ay, ay, sir!" singed out Curtis. "Forward there! down with a boat—quick—a man's overboard!" cried the skipper. "No hurry, sir," said Curtis, "take ye'r time; I feels very comfortable." But Ned wasn't left to feel himself comfortable very long: he was soon hauled in, and set again on his pins on deck. Well! we was lying snug enough off Havant, and this Ned Curtis had a wife; a strapping craft, broad in the beam, with a high starn, and very bluff in the bows;—enough to have made five on him. She was a taller-chandler's daughter, and Ned had taken a fancy to her, when he was passing by her house, when she was down below in a cellar on a melting-day, looking at the men. Ned happened to leer down, and she happened to leer up, just at one moment, and it was a slap shot o' both sides; so he stopt, and not knowing well how to get another sight on her, walked into the shop, and asked the price of tens dips. He bought a pound on 'em, and dallied about the shop, waiting to see if she'd come up, taking a long time in forking out the blunt, and another long time in counting it, and passing the change into his starboard locker, and another long time in looking at piles of soap, tin things full of oil, and papers o' starch. But at last up com'd the young 'oman, looking as red as the field in a marchant-man's bunting. Somehow or 'nother they all scraped acquaintance, and after a little conversation forred, they bore up for the parlour, and cast anchor round the fire; Ned was at that time jolly good company, so I don't wonder that he made his way among em: he'd ha' done it with Old Nick—he'd got such a confounded insiniwatin way with him. Well! the short and the long of it is, that they was spliced, and she used to come, and stay a week or two aboard, sometimes, along with him. They lived very comfortably together: she was of a 'commodating temper, and he was of a light-hearted, and pleasant, and yielding disposition; so they got on famously, and was, as the second leutenant used to say, a pattern of *connubural facility*; never having many breezes, and keeping, generally speaking, very fair weather atween them. She was a little fond o' drink, to be sure! but that warn't no great harm, as every body's got their failings, and a taste o' grog is very comfortable sometimes, as we all knows. Howsomedever, I'm steering a little wide. Well, one day she was a leaning out o' one of the weather bow-ports, a draining the water from a pot o'atoes, and the craft giving a heel over, she was fairly chucked overboard. A precious scream she giv'd when she found herself a tumbling; all on the deck was in fine commotion, and Ned com'd running up, quite flubbergasted; he runs to the port, and looks over. But all wa'nt no use;—the poor 'oman swimm'd like lead, and down she was, afore you could say "Jack Robinson!" "Shiver my timbers!" cries he, slapping his hand agin his forehead, "if she hasn't gone over with the key of the tea caddy! Bless'd if I musn't break it open!" That's a fac', cause I heer'd it. BILL ROGERS.

Late H. M. S. "Fire-Fly."

A DAY AT COWPER'S TOMB.

ON FIRST SEEING DEREHAM CHURCH, WHERE THE POET IS INTERRED.

BENEATH the shadow of yon ancient tower,
 Asleep in death, while many are not old
 Who saw the passing of thy funeral hour,
 Thou retest—all thy griefs at length controll'd.
 The stranger witnesses this sylvan slope,
 These roofs half hid, and yet he heeds them not;
 Or heeding, is not stricken with the hope
 Of meeting aught uncommon in this spot:
 Yet here, hereafter, oft shall virtues come,
 In willing pilgrimage, to view the shrine
 Of one, who oft struck erring genius dumb,
 And bid her, rob'd in purity, outshine.
 Here, till reward is given to the just,
 The bones of Cowper moulder into dust.

ON THE POET'S INFIRMITIES.

How delicate those links which form the chain
 Of human reason, and how quickly marr'd!
 For, if too fine and sensible, how vain
 The hope the chain unbroken can be spar'd.
 A man in age—the child of fancy—weaves—
 Though mouldering still—garlands of fresh hope,
 Until the cold world blights them all, and leaves
 Him madly in despondency to grope.
 Ill-fated bard! full dearly didst thou pay
 For thy blest gift of gentle poesy;
 Ah, who would covet its divinest ray,
 If, for possession, this the price must be?—
 But surely they who hastily infer
 Religion *caus'd* thy madness—greatly err.

ON NOTICING, AT THE POET'S TOMB, THAT "THE TASK" RESTS AGAINST
 "THE HOLY BIBLE," BOTH BEING ENWREATHED WITH AN OLIVE BRANCH.

HAPPY the man whose writings all shall lean,
 As thine, upon the Bible for support;
 He need not weep, though they, as thine have been,
 Become of ribald mockery the sport.
 Old Time shall reverence them, and when his scythe
 Is rais'd to cut their memories away,
 His nerveless arm, for booty ne'er more lithe,
 Shall drop, unable to make them his prey.
 Thrice be the gratitude of all the good,
 Who travel after thee on life's rough path;
 Of grace full many a promising young bud
 Through thee may ripen into holy faith;
 Thy dark despair may cause their own to cease,
 And prove to them the olive-branch of peace.

STANDING ON THE POET'S TOMB.

HUNDREDS before me on thy grave have stood,
 And idly read this marble-sculptured verse,
 Then thoughtless passed into the buoyant flood
 Of life, all gloomy feeling to disperse.
 But I, when far away, will ponder long
 On the mysterious waywardness of fate,
 Which with thy spirit's energetic song
 Did wed thy body's miserable state.
 A little urn will hold all that man knows,
 Entirely, of thyself; for what knows he
 Save that thou sprang'st from dust;—thus spirit grows,
 Unknown its essence, boundless as the sea;
 We feel its influence, though removed to heaven,
 Unsate the wonder how the spell is given.

ON HEARING A FAVOURITE MASS, BY MOZART, AFTER WRITING
THE ABOVE.

THE pealing organ, in a solemn roll,
 Gives echo to the tone my feelings take;
 Two mighty spirits now entrance my soul,
 A mystery within me to awake:
 My heart beats quicker, and my nerves are brac'd
 With thrilling rapture, which but few can tell,
 Whom chance, or pure design, hath never plac'd
 In sweet association with such spell.
 O, there are moments when the wretched'st life
 With ecstasy untold may be full fraught,
 And the pleas'd spirit, in emotion rife,
 To sweet oblivion of the body wrought;
 And such a one, long lapse between, is this
 Foretaste on earth of heaven's harmonious bliss.

ON LEAVING THE TOMB.

AND I do turn me to the world again,
 And to the petty troubles of my state:
 Would I might do so without fear or pain!
 But who can triumph o'er the wounds of fate?
 It is not mine to wander as I list,
 To seek with kindred natures intercourse;
 The grief, which I did dream dismiss'd at this,
 Back to its inmost fount this clay doth force;
 But I have striven with it oft before,
 And master'd then,—it shall be conquer'd now:
 While viewing inwardly what I adore,
 The world shall see no murmuring on my brow:
 Ah me! how hard the current to divert,
 Which, let to flow, may lead us to our hurt.

September, 1835.

THETA.

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF SPAIN.

THE following specimens of Spanish Songs are offered as illustrations of the popular feeling on national subjects, rather than as finished productions of the modern Iberian muse. The translations are faithful transcripts of the sentiments expressed by the enthusiastic authors, and the spirit of the bard has been preserved as closely as an accurate and concise doing into English verse would permit. The manner in which the excited Spaniard pours forth his lyric rhapsody, must be an apology for crude language and doubtful taste, while the noble, and frequently sublime ideas which spring up amidst the weeds, demand our admiration and seize upon our sympathies. In Spain, every event is the subject of a song—not only of one song, but of a different one in every village; and if the odes which have been chaunted during the last tumultuous years of political and military struggle, were known to the literary world, Spain might perhaps claim as high a place in this prolific age of poetry, as her Garcilasso and Calderon obtained for her at an earlier period. The two songs, here presented to the public, are taken at hazard from a great variety on similar subjects, and from the dictation of exiles, who have felt the enthusiasm they breathe, and who have been engaged in the scenes they celebrate.

It has been the fashion for foreigners acquainted with the Spanish language, to turn their attention, almost exclusively, to what is called the golden age of Spanish literature, and to exhaust their admiration on the feeble, though highly-finished and Italianized, pastorals of the age of Charles V. Recently, indeed, a search has been made further back, and a volume of chivalric ballads has been produced, although with moderate success. But, as yet, the rich mines of this present century have been little explored, and few people are acquainted with the tragedies, poems, and biography of Quintana, or even with the inimitable comedies of Moratin; although in Quintana's Odes on Trafalgar, and on the Invention of Printing, there are as free flights of lyric poetry as may be met with in the wonderful productions of our day and nation. Spain, however, when she has cast off the load of tyranny and misfortune which weighs her down, will introduce herself and her literature more forcibly to the observation of Europe. In the meantime, these unpolished rhymes are merely intended as curiosities for the inspection of a nation which has, in vain, expended its inestimable blood and treasure to preserve that liberty, in praise of which they abound. Of this the English reader may be assured, that their sentiments are infused in the hearts' blood of the rising generation of Spaniards, and that scenes are preparing which will try the purity of its tint.

CANCION PATRIOTICA.

Cortad ninfas lauros
De vuestro jardin,
Ya vuestros amantes
Guerreros decid,

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Pluck, maidens, a crown of the green
laurel tree—
A gift for your lovers the wreath shall
be.

" Quereis merecer nos
Lograr nuestro ' si,'
Venced en amores
Venced en la lid.

" Si corona y besos
Quereis conseguir,
Y de nuestros lazos,
El nudo feliz,
Del Frances aleve
Triumfantes venid,
Pues vence en amores
Quien vence en la lid.

" Dela gloria al templo
Suvireis asi; alli
Nombre eterno
Y eterno vivir
El guerrero goza,
Tambien goza alli,
De nuestros amores
Quien vence en la lid.

" Partid heroes, hijos
De Cortes, del Cid,
Vuestra insignia sea
Vencer ó morir;
Y de nuestros ansias
Id, seguros, id,
Pues vence en amores,
Quien vence en la lid."

And tell them—" Our hands are the
warrior's right—
He conquers in love, who shall conquer
in fight!

" Would he win the fresh braid, would
he taste of the kiss,
Would he mingle with us in the bond-
age of bliss?
The trophies of Gaul let him wave in our
sight—
For to conquer in love, he must conquer
in fight.

" The Temple of Fame shall receive
him, and there
A column eternal his titles shall bear!
But his lady shall yield him a dearer
delight—
The guerdon of love for the glories of
fight!

" March, sons of the Cid and of Cortes—
on high
Wave the words of your banner, ' to
conquer or die!'
Our prayers and our hopes with your
valour unite—
For the victor in love must have van-
quished in fight."

CANCION EN LOOR DE LA
BATALLA DEBAYLEN.

Coro.

Venid vencedores
De la patria honor
Recivid el premio
De vuestro valor.

Tomad los laureles,
Que habeis merecido,
Los que os han rendido,
Moncey y Dupont.

BATTLE OF BAYLEN.

Chorus.

Victors, in battle tried
By many a valiant deed—
Approach—your country's pride,
And take your country's meed!

Your brows with laurel shade,
A wreath your valour won,
When ye snatch'd the glorious braid
From Moncey and Dupont;

Vosotros, que fieles
Habeis acudido,
Al primer gemido
De nuestra opresion.

Venganza os llamava
Del sangre inocente,
Alzasteis la frente,
Que jamais temio ;
Y al ver os, los Dueños
De tantas conquistas,
Huyen como aristas
Que el viento arollo.

Vos, de una mirada
Que echasteis al cielo,
Parasteis al vuelo
Del aquila audaz ;
Y al polvo arrojasteis
Con iras vizarras
Las alas y garras
Del ave rapas.

Son a vuestros plantas,
Alfombra serena,
Laureles de Iena,
Palmas de Austerlitz,
Son cantos de gloria
Volver los cautivos
Sus gritos altivos,
En llante infeliz.

Llegad ya provincias
Que valeis naciones,
Ya vuestros pendones
Deslumbran al sol ;
Palido el tirano, tiembla,
Y sus legiones
Muerden los Teronnes
Del suelo Español:

Gloria ó flor del Betis,
Que haveis bien probado
El brio heredado
Del suelo natal ;
Que alli sin cultivo
Crece, y selevanta
Del triunfo la planta
La oliva immortal.

Ye faithful to your land,
Who heard her cry of grief,
And grasped, with ready hand,
Your swords for her relief!

From guiltless blood, when wide
The voice of vengeance rose,
Ye reared your front of pride,
That never quailed to foes !
The lords of conquered Spain,
From the flashing of your eye,
Fled, like chaff along the plain,
When the breeze drives lightly by.

The blasting look ye threw,
When ye turned to heaven your sight,
Might the eagle's rage subdue,
As he tower'd in his flight,
And in the dust, at length,
Your fiercer anger's flame
Could cast his winged strength,
His savage talons, tame.

Wreaths at your feet are strewn,
A carpet broad and bright,
Of Austerlitz the crown,
And Jena's fatal fight.
Your songs of triumph flow,
The captives answer not,
But change from scorn to woe,
And weep their hapless lot.

Each province in the fray,
Might cause a nation's wail,
When their ensigns hid the day,
As they flung them to the gale.
The pallid tyrant shook,
When his dying legions round,
The last possession took,
They may hold on Spanish ground.

Hail, Betis ! to thy bold—
How well their deeds disclose
The heirs of valour old,
On their native soil that rose.
There, triumph's plant in birth
Is unconstrain'd and free—
From rich uncultur'd earth
Springs the deathless olive-tree.

Gloria ó valeroso
Del solar Manchego
O cuan bello riego
Dais a vuestra mies !
Los surcos se vuelven,
Sepulcro á Tiranos,
Sangrientos los granos,
Se mecen despues.

Gloria ó flor del Turia,
De marte centellas,
Pues vivos como ellas,
Al campo volais ;
La hueste enemiga
Rompeis imprevistos,
Y ápenas sois vistos
Victoria cantais.

Y en tanto en el Ebro,
Los pechos son muros,
Que atienden seguros
" Morir ó vencer ;"
Siempre el sol los halla
Lidiando con gloria
Siempre con victoria
Los dexa a el caer.

O que hermosos vienen,
Su porte cuan fiero,
Qual brilla el acero
Qual suena el arnes.
Estos son guerreros
Valientes y bravos,
Y no son esclavos
Del yugo Frances.

Ninfas vengan lauros,
Frescos, verdes bellos,
Enjugad con ellos
Tan noble sudor ;
Ni olvideis la oliva,
Que es planta gloriosa,
Ni aun alguna rosa
Que os brinde el amor.

Hail to Manchego's power !
All hail, illustrious band,
Who bathe in hostile gore
The crops that load your land !
The gaping furrows seem
A tomb for tyrant trench'd,
Where the floating harvest's gleam
In a bloody tide is quench'd.

Hail, Turians ! void of fear !
Ye sparks of martial flame ;
For your valour blazed as clear,
When ye sought the field of fame ;
You scatter'd wide the foe,
As you suddenly dashed on,
And he scarce exchanged a blow
Ere the victory was won.

Hail, band from Ebro's wave !
Your breasts, a rampart wall,
Waited, heedless of the grave,
To conquer or to fall.
The sun your deeds beheld,
When his beams awoke the day,
And the enemy was quelled,
Ere his light had passed away.

How beautiful their line,
As they proudly march to war !
How their burnished weapons shine,
And their harness rings from far.
Each by his gallant mien,
A warrior bold and brave,
And not a man, I ween,
To the Gallic yoke a slave.

Ye maids ! bring laurel boughs,
Fresh, green, and fair to see,
And wipe their weary brows,
Where the drops are rising free.
Forget not ample wreaths,
From the glorious olive-grove,
Nor the opening rose, that breathes
The blushing pledge of love.

ON BORES.

No. 2.

“ Many men
Are cradled into poetry from wrong—
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”—SHELLEY.

THAT which the “self-torturing sophist,” Rousseau, observed of the Genoese, we may justly apply to the world in general—“they will never forgive the benefits which we have conferred upon them.” They envy us the fame which we shall acquire—the blessings which will be showered on our name—the glory which will encircle us like a halo. Why is this, ungrateful world? “Why do you use me thus? I have loved thee ever.” Have we not disclaimed all right and title to honours—emoluments—votive offerings, and public rewards—all the pride of pomp, of public dinners, commemorative medals, and titular distinctions? Yes: let us live in obscurity—“wrestle with our lot,” as best we may; and when we shall “shuffle off this mortal coil,” be there raised no sculptured cenotaph to perpetuate our memory—but let there be chiselled on our tomb this simple epitaph—“HIC JACET THE HISTORIAN OF THE BORES.” We trust this egotism will be pardoned: these remarks have been wrung from us by the persecution which we have suffered—the misery of a whole life has been concentrated within this “little month”—those now have bored who never bored before, and those who always bored now bore the more. But we have strung ourselves to the task, “as hardy as the Nemean lion’s nerve,” and will proceed, “in spite of thunder.” Let us, “without more circumstance at all,” introduce to the notice of the world—

CHAP. I.—MUSICAL BORE.

“The music breathing from his face.”—BYRON.

“Give me excess of it.”—SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Apollo Viotti Skeggins—for in that euphonious appellation he revels and luxuriates (though there be those who allege that the parish register bears the more humble patronymic of Paul Wyatt)—was born on—but what matter when or where he was born. That he was born, is all that concerns this history; and of that fact we should think there are few so hardy as to dispute. Even from his boyish days—nay, from earliest infancy—Viotti gave decided indications of that excessive relish for music which has been such a fruitful source of discord to his friends ever since. It is recorded of Mozart, that when he was engaged as organist at some church in Germany, his voluntary at the conclusion of the service had the effect of rivetting and enchaining the congregation to their seats, instead of what is technically called, “playing them out.”

In like manner, it is said that the soothing melody of his nurse's "Hushaby, Baby," had the effect of keeping little Apollo in a state of waking watchfulness, instead of lulling him into "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" and it is stated, on authority which we should be sorry to doubt, that, on Mrs. Skeggins the elder, his grandmother, presenting him with a silver-gilt coral, he absolutely inverted the order of nature; for he could not be made to comprehend the "Dulce et Utile" of the mineral; but applied himself, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, to the whistle which enriched its opposite end, whose piercing sounds seemed to lap his senses in Elysium. In the second stage of childhood, his love of sweet sounds appeared to gather a fresh vigour; it literally grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength: the gentle admonitions of his mother, and the "whips and scourges" of his father, were alike ineffectual in curbing his darling propensity. He would, "many a time and oft," leave his lesson—or yet more strange, his dinner—to follow the vilest sounds that ever were, by the utmost stretch of courtesy, denominated music. The newsman's horn was to him "more musical than is Apollo's lute;" and he was quite intoxicated with the liquid strains of "Drops of Brandy," with which the guard of the Regulator was wont to "salute the opening morn," at the town in which Skeggins resided. He cared no more for Punch than a member of the Temperance Society; but he would cry "Ha, ha!" at the trumpet which heralded his approach. And he has been observed to take a very deep and lively interest in the dispute as to whether the instrument which Punch is rather imperiously ordered to take away, is an "organ" or a "nasty bell." It is certain, that the celebrated fireman's dog was not a more constant attendant at a fire, than was Apollo, who would run hot-footed for miles to have the felicity of performing a concerto on the metallic tube of those mortal engines. "Tops" delighted him not, nor pop-guns either; but give him a drum or a penny trumpet, and he was yours for ever. We have never been able to gather any anecdotes of his school days, except that he once got well whipped because he chose to write "*Dulce est Mori*," instead of the well-known line, "*Dulce est pro patria Mori*:" the former he asserted was the more correct, and insisted that it referred to the well-known violinist and present leader of the Opera. The death of his father, before he (Viotti) had quite reached man—or rather boy-hood—to use his own words, "made him quite comfortable;" and coming, as he did, into the possession of a handsome fortune, he resolved to devote himself, body and soul, to the cultivation of the favourite passion of his soul. He shut himself up for six months with a professor of the French horn, to the acquisition of which instrument he did seriously incline; and though he talked about their living in great *harmony*, it is certain that they soon came to *blows*. However, be that as it may, at the expiration of that period he had mastered God save the King, with Variations, which rendered it a matter of some difficulty for its oldest acquaintance to recognise it (which, as he said, was as certain an indication of fine playing as obscurity of style is of fine writing); and one night he roused all his neighbours from their downy beds, by his masterly performance of "We're a Noddin'," and "When Harmony wakens." The scene, by the bye, is immortalized by Buss, who by some lucky accident happened to be

among the spectators. Of every pursuit, save his favourite science, he is profoundly ignorant. History is to him nothing but an old music-book. Talk to him about reform, and he answers about Rossini; politics give place to Pasta; and although he cannot give you the title of any one act passed during the late session of Parliament, his memory bears a faithful record of every piece performed at the last Birmingham Musical Festival. We have said that he is profoundly ignorant—take this by way of illustration: happening to cast his eye on a bookseller's catalogue, stitched into the Harmonicon, and seeing a work called *VIRGILII OPERI*, he immediately gave orders for it, because, as he said, he had never heard of its performance in England, and had no doubt it would make a capital hit. He once looked into the Bible, and made a grand discovery: the psaltery, sackbut, and dulcimer, he could not understand—but he found the antiquity of the *serpent*, which, as he said, was bass, and very deep, from nearly the beginning of the world. It may perhaps be imagined, from what has been said, that at least Apollo possessed a fine taste for music. If we have conveyed such an impression, it is erroneous, and we beg to contradict it. In fact, his taste was quite Catholic, and he would even feed on garbage: the “sweetness long drawn out” of the bagpipe, whose playing “I’th’ nose”—we have it on Shakspeare’s authority—makes some persons behave rather indelicately—would “take his reason prisoner;” and “All round my Hat,” was an equally enchanting melody with, “Al Idea quel Metallo.”

In our endeavour to convey some general notion of this Musical Bore, we have refrained from more than alluding to what we have suffered in his acquaintance; there is a species of humiliation in speaking of our own affliction, which to a proud mind is even less endurable than the affliction itself: like the Spartan youth, we may feel it devouring our very vitals, but we may not bear to enlarge upon our shame. We need only say, that we have known Apollo Skeggins even from his boyish years—that he has, from circumstances unnecessary to relate, had ever a constant access to us. Having said thus much, the world may form some trifling notion of the extent of our sufferings. He one night took his seat next us at the Opera, and fearful lest we should think he was a stranger to the beauties of “La Gazza Ladra,” he has favoured us with a regular humming accompaniment to the music, which at “Di Piacer” was decidedly getting into a whistle, till recalled to a sense of decorum by a general hush and call for “silence.” Then he was continually getting into quarrels with gentlemen who had not adopted the precaution of taking off their shoes in entering the sacred precincts of Fops’ Alley; and was with difficulty persuaded from sending a cartel, “breathing hot defiance,” to Count D’Orsay, because he chose to speak in something above a whisper to the Countess Blessington. He one night sat next us at the theatre; the play was “Hamlet;” the performance he bore with most exemplary patience—but word he spoke not, till Hamlet says that “Murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak with *most miraculous organ*,” on which Viotti whispered us, that he “should greatly like to hear it; he had heard the *organ* at Haarlem, which he thought the finest in the world, but he had no doubt that *this one* was a finer.” He likewise pricked up his ears at the request of Hamlet to Guildenstern, to “play upon this pipe,” and could not conceal his vast indignation at his

refusal. "The poor young fellow," he said, "seemed so much to wish it, and he was sure that the audience would be quite delighted."

"He is religious in it, and enters no church but such as possesses the finest organ. Does he travel? still is the "ruling passion" strong upon him—it is literally a "*Voyage Musicale*." The Plains of Marathon, and the Pass of Thermopylæ, awaken no responsive feeling in his breast; but he spent three days in determining the site of the Temple of Apollo. He thinks it a redeeming trait in the character of Nero, that while Rome was burning, instead of playing the engines, he played the fiddle; and had he lived some centuries ago, we should have had our suspicions that his were the hands which, according to Seutonius, "unseen strewed flowers on his tomb." He knows nothing of the extent, commerce, or antiquities, of the cities he has visited; but he knows to the greatest accuracy the admeasurement of the orchestras. He once journeyed into Scotland, and could get no further than *Fife*. Does he "take his ease at his inn," it is at the sign of the *Harp* or the *Horns*. In every window of his house, eolian harps waste their sweetness on the desert air; all his spoons are *fiddle*-headed, and his furniture *fluted*. In short, he thinks music—breathes music—lives music—and will doubtless, "swan like, die in music:" ay, and when the last trumpet shall sound its awful summons, we warrant, Apollo Skeggins will be found no laggard.

MAR. W——.

THE POET TO HIS LUTE.

OH, wake once more! though sad the strain,
And trembling now the hand that flings
Its timid fingers once again
Across thy long-neglected strings.

For I have felt the withering power
Of sorrow, since I heard thee last,
And thou alone in this drear hour
Art left to tell me of the past.

Oh, sad is now my lonely fate,
For all I loved in life is fled;
And I sit weeping, desolate,
O'er cherished hopes now cold and dead.

And thou and I have long been parted,
For 'mid the wreck of all below
Thou couldst not heal the broken-hearted,
Thou could'st but tell me of my woe.

The weeds that are my casement wreathing,
Have turned around thy broken strings;
And the wild wind across thee breathing
Sighs like some wandering spirit's wings.

Yet wake once more! I would not have
Thy once-loved tones for ever mute:
Thou soon may'st wail above my grave,
But I shall hear thee not, my lute.

* * *

ADVENTURES OF A SERENADER.

It was the latter end of a gloomy and cheerless June ; there had been, throughout the month, so many anachronisms in the weather, that all sage prognosticators had forsworn their barometers, and Moore's Almanack was scouted as a false prophet. But this sullenness of nature had at length been subdued ; and, as intricate discords in music frequently precede the most gentle and liquid melody, so in the harmony of the visible world, it seemed as if the year's sadness had passed away, and summer had come forth triumphantly, to perform her work of joy. I was escaping from the durance vile of a town life, and hastening to the green fields, of which I loved to babble, with a light and a happy heart. Few, indeed, can luxuriate in the freedom of soul, such as I then felt, if there have not been some previous restriction on its free agency, something to clip its wing in the loftiest flight of exultation, and remind it of the stale world which it must not entirely disregard. As I mounted the Aurora, light post coach, the vehicle seemed little inferior to the car of Phaeton. My good friends to the right and left, whose elbows gave me a palpable argument of their materiality, were deified in my eyes, as fellow-wanderers to Elysium ; and even our portly charioteer, embowelled as he was in a professional Witney, and bearing in his speech some testimony of human extraction, appeared little less than a ministering angel ; of comely dimensions indeed, and not quite so ethereal as might be expected for gentlemen in that capacity. There is something, too, in the swift motion, by which we are hurried through the air, that seems to give our spirits a still more exquisite tone. I became, indeed, more and more enthusiastic, so that when our journey was completed, the common catastrophe of warm gin and water, or an abdication of one's boots, in favour of some household slippers with an illustrious pedigree, was bathos so profound, that human nature could not be reconciled to it ; however, as I had not the wishing cap of Fortunatus, nor a horse with wings at my disposal, that I might emigrate to one of last year's visible planets, or to that rascally Comet, which afterwards gave me the ophthalmia, I was e'en content to look unutterable things at the deserted grate, and ponder over a curious dilution of brandy. "Marvellous strange is it," thought I, "that the fashion of these things should be so much altered ; a man is not honest now-a-days, unless he gives up his romance for a table-spoonful of most equivocal liquor. The silent stars are fast losing their jurisdiction over adventurous knights-errant ; nor is it conceivable what Byron could have been dreaming about, when, in the feeling of antique times, he exclaimed 'The Devil's in the moon for mischief ;' and yet more strange, that people should go on in their perverse adherence to decorum and police regulations, although they sigh over the loves of Petrarch, and loiter in the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney ! Do they reverence the chivalry of those days, and yet willingly retreat from the condition of its heroes ? Can they listen to the

fond tales, and gaze at the beautiful forms, which history presents to them, and feel no disposition to emulate, in their own persons, those idols of song and deities of love? Methinks (and here I kicked down the fire-irons) it were well, if one, at least, could enjoy the inspiration which they have bequeathed to us. It were something, if the minstrels of lovely Provence might look down upon one of their fraternity, though detected on the unhallowed and unpoetical ground of Worcestershire!" It was enough. This climax was an exact antidote to the opinion that—

"Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin,
And great's thy danger, Vander Bruin."

I felt the aggregate soul of the Trouveurs and Troubadours rushing upon me, and so, without further deliberation, I threw down the Lady's Magazine for seventy-eight; omitted to kiss the bar-maid, thereby losing all credit as an orthodox traveller, and, according to my wont, in "our own countrie," stole my guitar from the case which inclosed it, and sallied forth from the inn. It was a night of peculiar beauty, for creation was clothed with smiles, to greet the return of truant zephyrs, and dilatory summer; the heavens were slumbering in their own peculiar luxury of repose, and I might have believed, from the quiet character of the scene, that the fair spectacle was unsullied by the observation of any other eye than my own. And in addition to the congeniality of such a night, with the curious state of my mind, there was a delicious intricacy in the arrangement of the little streets which I was parading, so that I might fancy I had lost my way, without doing my conscience any violent outrage. In fact, I accomplished this desirable object, by strolling far and wide, before I commenced any attack; and, that I might not pay undue attention to the route pursued, my serenading tactics were episodically brought into play, by first mustering my whole artillery of canzonets, and then selecting a piece of ground, where they might be exercised. "Wake, dearest, wake," and "Oh! come to me," were called out for active service; a light cannonade was to be directed from an able-bodied collection of Spanish airs, and I began to practise the French "u" for several melodies wherein that efficient vowel occurred. Shortly, I marked a building of some promise, which retired a good way from the road-side, and determined to take up my position on an elevated bank which looked obliquely towards the house, so as to have a sufficient view of any Dulcinea who might present herself, and yet be shielded, from the cruelty of her eyes, under an ash which trembled around it. I felt the importance of my situation, and looked at the moon, moved forward, and as the strings of my instrument brushed accidentally against the leaves through which it passed, I felt a secret qualm as the notes stole out, and the ear of night was assaulted ominously by the sound of—A flat! Should I retreat or stand my ground? It was a pusillanimous question, and I decided like a Wellington! I was then at the foot of the sloping bank; my left thumb had resolutely assumed its post for immediate operations. I fetched a deep sigh, (alas! it was not for the purpose of clearing my throat), ascended the little hillock, and then—the gamut! Every incident of that evening clings tenaciously to my recollection. I remember, that the first essay of my musical powers was in an elegant Italian waltz, to which I had

adapted words in character with the occasion. I remember, too, the quavers which my voice was pleased to insert ever and anon, more from lack of steadiness, than abundance of execution. And, most of all, I remember that I languished through one well-approved Irish melody, three serenades, and the better half of Sola's volume, with no effect. And yet there were lights in some of the rooms, and the moon would have exhibited any apparition in those apartments which were in darkness. I gazed and quavered—looked and sighed; then marched nearer to the house—fancied there was something in an upper window, and then scampered back again. This mode of warfare did not, however, long continue. Euterpe, Clio, or some of those accomplished females aided my courageous efforts, and in another moment, some moving thing did verily appear. How I palpitated! how I bellowed! The divinity or what not, (for I could see nothing but a white outline, very beautiful, no doubt) still listened, and I launched into "*Di Piacere*." Nothing could be more prosperous. My tenor notes, generally of a mongrel description, exerted themselves very vigorously; and I had proceeded into the 'bowels of the song without impediment', till I arrived at the dubious "*che farò?*" when, as if the seraphim in the third story understood Italian, my eyes were straightway greeted by the waving of some "pendant flag, or pocket handkerchief," provoking a nearer approach.

It were difficult, now, to say with what specific feelings I welcomed this invitation. That a resolution to accept it, was not instantly taken, cannot be denied. Something of doubt and wonder started up in my mind. I felt an indescribable awe, though it was of short continuance, as the uncivil moon illuminated the scene around me. That paddock and pale sunken fence, and thick coppice, should interpose themselves between me and my love, was nothing. That I had my goodly limbs accoutred in vast overalls, and a ponderous Bengy, was less than nothing; but that a sad-looking plaster of Paris edifice, with three tiers of three windows, was staring me out of my fancy and my enthusiasm—this was the cause! I could not, like *Troilus*, sigh my soul towards *such* Grecian tents, though all the Cupids in the *Troia* lay there that night. I could not—but in less time than would be occupied by a detail of these shame-faced thoughts, one of the most polite clouds I ever saw, threw us all into shade. The disastrous building was no more a simple brick messuage, or tenement, and I myself no longer an example—

"How greatly love is
Embarrassed at first starting with a novice."

With no bad grace I accomplished a vault over a set of double rails, marched triumphantly through a stunted hedge, and with great success withdrew my boots from the briars and bushes, the mire and the swamps, which strove to detain them. With the loss of a little breath, and the gain of much mud, I came to an open area, fronting the castle-gate. Strange achievement! What could I have thought of on the road? This has much puzzled me since. The complacency with which the challenge was accepted, the little ceremony employed in pursuing the scheme, and the nonchalance which characterized the progress of the exploit, have occurred to me often, as most professional and proper.

How had I forgotten man-traps? Did the interference of spring-guns appear impossible? Might not a keeper raise the neighbourhood, and mine own calves be discovered the next morning, enthroned in their mud and their melancholy, and holding private communion with the stocks of the parish?

How was it that a knight, little tried, and less celebrated, should undertake with effrontery so desperate an enterprise, and receive the encouragement of his ladye with such equanimity? Of a truth, and I confess it freely, it was no usual or indifferent occurrence in my history, to enjoy favour in such expeditions. Often as I have made similar experiments, so often may I enumerate unfortunate results. Thrice did I essay to melt thy tough heart, oh, most inveterate Susan Hopkins! I knew not, at the time, thy titles or thy consequence, for though my gallantry was frequent and long, yet thy stubbornness was decided, and thy aversion most explicit; before it was hinted to me that thy liege lord was sexton of St. Botolph's parish. Thou too, most antique Mistress Sullivan, to whose window-curtain I paid devotion for a week and a day—thou whom I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of—thou whom I might have loved but that thy grandson did horsewhip me for the attempt; thou wilt confess, on thine own part, how little I have been indebted to woman's love. Nor were these solitary failures: twice did a proctor at the University deem that a disturbance of the king's peace, which more truly was the ruin of my own; when I ingeniously tried to become enamoured of some female, eminent for all the local characteristics of virtue and beauty; when I caught a cold instead of inspiration, and was fined six and eight-pence for being a mere idiot! My laborious and unrequited serving of one inamorata, threw me into a fever. The under men-servants of another angel threw me into a horse-pond—and with these "offences at my back," had I no hesitation, no shivering apprehensions, no uneasy disquietude, as I stood before the mansion? Most Quixotic hardihood! Rather did I chuckle in prospect, and actually had the impudence to indulge in speculations, how the lady might be able to contrive an escape from the indignation of her relations and fellows! Without remorse did I transfer all doubts and trepidations from myself, to the object of my suit; and presumingly affected a regard for the dangers of my fair patroness, in preference to my own.

The pause, however, occasioned by these ruminations, was soon concluded. For, on a sudden, the white outline had disappeared from its post; the window was dark and desolate—so I gave up my compunctions, and recommenced my attack. Through various ditties did I wander with much pathos. My determination to lose no ground was absolute; so trotted I still onward, little caring for false notes or eccentric flourishes. I had arrived indeed so far at last in the expenditure of my voice, that if ever a shake were set a going, instead of the contiguous notes seeming like neighbours who have come to blows, the effect was rather that of two speculative gentlemen, entering into partnership, where there was an occasional demur on either side, an equivocal concession, and at last a mutual blending, to the utter confusion of the parties. I was not unrewarded for my painful exertions. A fitting somewhat came and went ever and anon. If it chanced that the image was

multiplied to my anxious eye, I threw the blame of the delusion on that very anxiety, and was satisfied with the dramatic unity of my amour. If, too, any noise or noises assaulted my ear, little agreeing with the assumed character of my incognita, I charged the elements with the unkindness, and moved a little farther from that obstreperous Laurestinus. I confess that my voice was growing a little — that is a very little, out of order, and my execution began to disgrace the fingers once disciplined by Martial Bruni, when the salutation of the handkerchief was again proffered. Nearer still marched I. That a sign should next be communicated—perhaps an intimation in writing—perhaps actually a word of favour, “of such sweet breath composed!” I had not a doubt. Underneath the window I took my stand, and with wistful eye contemplated the deity at whose shrine my devotion was offered. A moment more—and as I gazed with hushed breath at the window—pop! down fell an ocean of inconceivable liquids; my cheek was at the same time grazed by a china vase in its descent; my poor guitar was smitten by the enemy, and I myself, blinded, wounded, and exasperated, was solaced by a roar of laughter from the civil engineers above. My first impulse was that of revenge; my next, that of fear. For as I was the aggressor, I could expect no satisfaction; and, as if to corroborate this persuasion, a general muster of lights, and medley of voices from within, arrested my attention. Male and female, treble and bass, shrieks of laughter, and growls of rage, united in one glorious concert. I foresaw readily that the matrons would sneer and the maidens would quiz; that the old men would threaten, and the young ones thrash me; so, without delay, I seized my prostrate and mangled instrument, wiped my eyes most tragically, and galloped from the scene of my disaster—another Buonaparte from another Waterloo; at once a sadder and a wiser man. When I had regained the inn, so ignominiously treated a little while before, I discovered that my guitar had suffered a compound fracture, and that my face was indeed a quaint spectacle, variegated with some donations of mud from my boots, and many parti-coloured fancy patterns, engraven thereon by the cataract of strange waters with which I had been deluged. I marched up to bed, and grumbled through the night, rose in time for the next morning’s coach, and having learnt from the waiter all the particulars of the family so hospitable to me on the preceding night, I made a solemn vow, to which I have adhered most religiously, never again to serenade the second wife of a retail tallow-chandler!

FILIAL AFFECTION, AND PARENTAL LOVE.

THE extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese of forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends.—“Why do you weep?”—“Alas! things are not as they used to be. The poor woman’s arm grows feebler every day.”

THE OMNIBUS.

HAVING finished my business in the city, and wishing to return to the west-end, I stepped into one of those unwieldy vehicles, so convenient for those who have more time than money, and more patience than either—*videlicet*, an Omnibus. The day was intensely hot, and although the numbers that thronged the streets were undiminished, yet they moved sluggishly, and seemed to toil rather than walk along. The omnibus "dragged its slow length along," so tardily as to make it doubtful to a casual observer whether it moved at all, and it was not till he had contemplated each of the spokes as they were successively presented to his view, that he could be at all certain. Having no business immediately to attend to, this gradual progression was to me immaterial; so, without troubling the driver to stop, I stepped in. As I entered, I observed, sitting at the opposite end of the omnibus, a short spare figure, dressed in any way but in unison with the weather. He wore a fur cap, fitting close to the head, with lappets hanging over his ears. A coat, double-breasted waistcoat, and cloth trousers, completed his attire. In his hand he held a large umbrella, and over his arm hung a thick great-coat. He appeared as if he had gone to sleep in the depth of winter, and not having awakened for several months, had dressed himself according to his last ideas on the subject. Several times I thought I observed him bend forward, as if going to address me; but each time, on turning towards him, he had resumed his previous posture, and was *looking* certainly every where but at me, though where in particular I could not exactly determine. At length I made one of those commonplace but convenient remarks, which, like pioneers, serve to open the way to a conversation. In a short time, I learned that he was going off from the west-end by the coach in which he had booked his place, that same afternoon, at three o'clock. It was then a quarter past two, and we were at the Bank.

"I don't think, sir," said I, "you will have much time to spare."

"No," he replied, "I don't think I shall; I thought so when I got in. But I have still three quarters of an hour, and the distance is only three miles. But then, to be sure, omnibuses go very slow."

"Yes, sir, they do," said I; "and as the streets, at this hour, are thronged with carriages, there is no certainty as to the time we may be detained. We have been waiting here ten minutes already."

"Ten minutes! have we indeed, sir? I did not think it was so long. Dear me! my watch, too, is stopped. I thought I would get it mended yesterday; but then I thought I had better let it be till I returned from the country."

I now perceived that my fellow-passenger was one of those men whose minds are so wavering, that they never resolve to act until the opportunity is past. As I knew that it was quite problematical whether he would get to the coach-office in time, I suggested to him the expediency

of getting out of the omnibus, and taking some more expeditious conveyance.

"Yes, sir, very true, as you say; I shall not have much time; and it is half-past two now. Well, I think, as you say, I *had* better get out—we go on very slowly now. Yes, I am afraid I shall be too late; I had better get out."

Unfortunately for his nearly-formed resolution, the horses at this moment began to move at a much quicker pace; when the traveller, saying something about "making up for lost time," resumed the seat which he had half quitted.

"Omnibuses are a great convenience, sir," observed one of the passengers, as a very fat gentleman entered, and sat down with a force that shook the vehicle.

"Very," said the fat gentleman, pursing up his mouth with an air of authority, which showed that, having delivered his opinion, he considered there could be no doubt on the subject.

"They were first introduced in France, I believe," said a very tall and very thin boy, sitting by the side of the last speaker, who I found was his father: the two as they sat side by side looking like a round of beef and a skewer.

"Poor people, the French," said the father, taking no notice of his son's remark: "very poor people. Wouldn't live with them for the world. Only stopped in the country a night. Could'n't get any thing to eat. Asked for some soup, and they brought me carrots and water; nasty wishy-washy stuff. *They* called it *Soup In—In—D—n* it, it was not fit for a Jew!"

This was followed by a hearty laugh, the fat gentleman evidently liking his own fun better than the soup; and certainly his "fair round belly" did not appear to have been produced by feeding on carrots and water.

"What do they call it, Tom?" said he, addressing his son, after he had recovered from his laugh.

"Oh, you mean *soup à la Italienne*," said Tom, in a tone which plainly told that *he*, too, had been in France.

His reply caught the attention of a person who had just entered, and turning towards Tom, he said in a foreign accent, "do you speak French?"

"Oh yes, sir, Tom speaks French," said his father, looking round, a little proudly. Gratified vanity appeared in the boy's face for a moment at this declaration of his talents, but it was checked by the reflection that the truth of it might be soon put to the test.

"Have you been in France?" continued the foreigner.

"Yes."

"How did you like it?" and then, without waiting a reply, he sunk back on his seat, and ejaculating 'La Belle France,' sunk into a reverie, probably produced by the recollections of his country.

Our attention was now attracted by a crowd of men, who, armed with sticks and other weapons, were pursuing a dog that, with tongue lolling out, was running down the street, barking and snapping at every thing that opposed him.

"Dangerous," said the Fat Gentleman. "Dogs ought not to be let

loose in this hot weather. I never see a dog in such weather, but I think of being smothered."

"I was once bitten by a mad dog," said a melancholy-looking person, sitting in the corner opposite to the traveller. "I have got the mark still;" and he proceeded to turn up his cuff in order to give us ocular demonstration.

A general shrinking towards the door followed this intelligence, and several declared it to be 'very hot,' which the drops of perspiration which had suddenly appeared on their foreheads sufficiently attested.

"But I had the piece cut out directly afterwards," said the Melancholy Gentleman, on observing the consternation his information had caused. Each resumed his place, although several still looked at him with suspicion.

During this conversation the traveller had grown extremely uneasy. Every passenger that entered seemed to revive his hopes, while every stoppage of the omnibus (which did not seldom occur) having a contrary effect, kept his mind vibrating like a pair of scales, from side to side, and prevented him having a moment's rest. Comparative ease seemed, however, to be afforded him as we galloped round St. Paul's Churchyard; but, alas! it continued only till we reached the top of Ludgate Hill, where the driver, being no doubt a man of taste, very considerably pulled up to enable us to admire the beauty of the Cathedral.

"Stupendous structure, sir," observed one of the passengers.

"Very, sir," said the Fat Gentleman. "Very grand. Nothing can be finer. Some say it's not so grand as what d'ye call 'em at Rome—"

"St. Peter's," said Tom, filling up the hiatus in his father's memory.

"Ah! St. Peter's," continued his father. "But it's impossible, sir. It can't be grander. Why, the hands of the clock are six feet long."

Of course, after such proof there could be no further dispute.

The traveller's anxiety had prevented him from attending to the conversation, but his attention was aroused on hearing the word 'clock,' that anxious sound in which he was so much interested; and starting, he eagerly inquired the time, adding, that he was going off by the coach at three, and was afraid that he should be too late. Three or four watches were immediately pulled out, while at the same time the owners were telling him the 'exact' time: the exact time being different in each case. Hope or despair appeared in his countenance according as each statement receded from or approached to the dreaded hour. Numerous tales, too, were told of hair-breadth 'scapes from being left behind by unrelenting coachmen, whose duty being to take the coach to its destination, leave the passengers to take care of themselves.

"Unpleasant to be left behind, sir," said the Stout Gentleman. "I was once left behind myself, sir. I was to go off at four o'clock. Had paid for my place. As I was going along the Strand, the clock struck. I ran all the rest of the way. Had not 400 yards to go. Did't take two minutes. Coach had gone. I said it must have gone before the time. Clerk denied it, and said if I went to the corner I might see it. Very pleasant suggestion, sir, to see it going without me. Lost my money, sir. Never book my place again."

At this tale, the traveller's fears grew ungovernable; and starting up,
M.M.—11.

he called to the Cad to stop. Putting one foot on the ground, ready to start, he hurriedly inquired the way to the Green Man and Still.

"Green Man and Still! Lord bless you, sir; vy, you're not near it. Ve does not come that vay."

"Which is the way, then?" gasped the traveller, his agitation almost choking him.

"Vy, sir, you must go up there," pointing in the direction; "and ven you comes to that 'ere corner, you must——"

At this moment the clock of St. Martin's Church struck three, and without stopping to hear the rest of the direction, the terrified Traveller rushed up Cockspur-street, in the vain hope of reaching the coach-office in time.

TOM MOORE AT BANNOW.

"ALL the addresses having been read and answered, a young man, named Martin M'Donald Doyle, of the parish of Tintern, was introduced to Mr. Moore by his friend and neighbour, Mr. John M'Brien, as an humble follower in the train of the Plerian Maids.

Mr. M'Brien said,—“Sir, I beg leave, as one of this deputation, to introduce to your attention, an amiable and humble Irish youth, and a scion of promise. It is unnecessary for me here to expatiate on his merits—your honourable friend and his kind patron (pointing to Mr. Boyse) who knows how to appreciate them, will speak to you of him as he deserves.”

The modest aspirant to Parnassian laurels then stepped forward, and addressed his immortal prototype, in the following vigorous strain, recited with great emphasis and feeling;—

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. BANNOW.

Welcome! thou minstrel of the West,
While thousands throng to greet, to bless thee;
In feeble strain, among the rest,
A rustic rhymers dares address thee.
Unskilled to pour the polished lay,
And nurs'd in life's less favour'd ranks,
He ventures, in his homely way,
To welcome thee to "Bannow's Banks."

When first I sung, 'twas when thy strains
Their wizard spell around me threw—
Of tears, and loves, and flowers, and chains,
I fondly tried to sing like you;
And if 'twas MOORE's entrancing songs
That plumed my muse's early wing,
To whom if not to MOORE belongs
The little she has sought to sing?

Lone, pining, in her dark retreat,
 A nameless, friendless thing she grew,
 Wild as the wild flow'r at her feet,
 As simple and as lowly, too :
 In sooth, she was a lonesome muse,
 And few would care to list her voice,
 Till as she sung of Ireland's woes,
 She touch'd the manly heart of Boyse !

You first awoke her infant lyre—
 He bade the puny numbers thrill ;
 You kindled first her minstrel fire—
 He trims, and feeds, and fans it still
 From you the mimic warbler springs—,
 You urged her tiny wing to soar ;
 If you approve the strain she sings,
 Can " minstrel boy " solicit more !

Oh ! long shall Bannow's unborn race,
 As countless ages roll along,
 In Bannow's rural records trace
 This visit of " The Child of Song ;"
 Then pardon this untutored lay,
 And deign t'accept his humble thanks,
 Who, rhyming in his brain-sick way,
 Thus welcomes thee to Bannow's Banks.

The production of the youthful Minstrel was listened to with profound attention, and rewarded with the most gratifying applause and approbation of all present. Mr. Moore immediately took him by the hand, shook it with great heartiness, and said—" I am happy to meet such a brother poet here ; it is the first time we have met, it must not be the last."

Mr. Moore now mixed with the admiring crowd, with a courtesy of manner and affability of deportment, which won all hearts ; conversing with all classes, and acknowledging, with his own peculiar warmth of heart, the impression indelibly made upon him by this signal and flattering manifestation of public feeling in his regard."

* * * We have presented our readers with this portion of the detailed account of the " Bannow Meeting," held to welcome Mr. Moore to the hospitable home of his dear and sensible friend Mr. Boyse, &c., conceiving it would be acceptable to them ; and in the unpretending hope, that it might meet the eye of Mr. Moore himself, and his Irish friends. The Bard of Erin must have felt highly delighted with the fervour of fondness, and admiring enthusiasm, which greeted him on every side, on this truly interesting occasion. Long may the delightful master hand which conjured up the " honied words " that are to be found in *Lalla Rookh*, live to enjoy the recollection of pleasure so pure—of veneration so beautifully elicited ; long may he live to sing of Ireland's fame and unfading beauty.

ED.

THE POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE.

“ His native wood-notes wild.”

THE neglect to which more than two centuries have agreed in consigning what are called (and it is no figure of speech) the Poems of Shakspeare, has ever astonished us. It is certain that, though, in some instances, we may be led by our veneration of the Saint into a superstitious adoration of his most worthless appendages, we may have, in other cases, committed a parallel injustice, in restricting the supposed presence of the Divinity to some one shrine, better suited, perhaps, but not more hallowed.

It is hard to discover a standard, wherewith to measure these apparent caprices of taste; through the influence of which, while one poet has been enabled, by the golden chain of a matchless production, to draw up all his inferior creations—another, like chaos separating into elements, with a portion of his material has supplied the atmosphere of the Gods, while the rest of his substance is left to be trampled upon by men.

The effects of genius, like those of artificial agents, are, and have been, contradictory: the warrior's fame has sometimes proved itself his best ally, and has saved him the bodily exertion of conquering; the writer's fame has often insured a preternatural duration to the meanest effort of his pen. Renown, like the steam-engine, while it is an applicable strength, multiplies in a mighty ratio the hero's animal power; or, like paper credit, while public opinion continues propitious, imparts a nominal value to the meanest scrap issued by genius. But it also shares with these extraordinary forces the risk of a recoil, or the natural aversion of the crowd to experiment.

We have an instance, in the world's behaviour to Shakspeare and Milton, of a whimsical anomaly in public opinion. Milton's smaller poems, like the ring about Saturn, have caught splendour from the principal body;—Shakspeare's satellites have been eclipsed in the excessive blaze of his drama, like Mercury in the vicinage of the sun. Perhaps the reason of our different treatment of the vassals, should be sought in the differing natures of the paramount productions. Where the great work is an object for the bulk of its worshippers of unapproachable awe, where the common reader is called on for such an exertion, as discourages him from frequently recurring to it, he is glad to escape into those more superficial or careless effusions, where towering genius preludes or relaxes. Charmed with the sagacity that can identify the mark of the Paradise in the Allegro, he celebrates, with exaggerated rapture, a work which at once soothes his vanity with the hope that he can feel Milton, and exempts his indolence from the solemnity of Scriptural reference. But when the poet's *Magnum Opus* has an obvious human interest, it engrosses the curiosity of the many; so that spec-

tators, satisfied with what catches the eye, and incapable of even desiring an analysis of those philosophic perfections, which raise Shakspeare's poetry above any dependance on representation, have so long regarded him as exclusively a dramatist, that they have lost all conception of his other merits.

But there is no evil without its accompanying good. If these Poems have been comparatively unread, they have been also comparatively uncriticised; and this, as the world is constituted, particularly since it grew Chrestomathian, is no slender advantage. The enthusiastic pilgrim, who would approach in the desire of raising to their due estimation these prostrate miracles of talent, will have no previous rubbish to remove—no digested nuisance of irreverent predecessors to disgust him with his task—no mechanical defilers to encounter, who love to leave against every pillar of antiquity the *Oriental* proof of their critical manhood. Here is one spot of Shakspeare's glory, on which he can ponder without an interrupting sound; or if the holy silence be infringed, it is by Coleridge, who comments on our favourite, as Cayster on its swans, by wafting his melody and reflecting his form. Nor can we much less congratulate our fortune, that this part of his works, at least, has escaped the Aristarchs of former ages. It was a good allegory of the wit, who compared Shakspeare's rents by his critics, to Actæon devoured by his dogs; but it was not sufficiently expressive. The human soul is more akin to the canine spirit, than is Shakspeare to the pack of his commentators. Had not a German brain conceived the almost blasphemous idea, that Homer is a body corporate, we might safely assert, that Shakspeare has been worse treated by his critics, than any other son of genius. But it is not merely from the pedants and fribbles of literature—the Bentleys and the Theobalds—that this great man has suffered wrong; the apologies, and the censures of great critics, and of great poets, have entered into conspiracy against him. Pope applies for a rule to show cause, why Shakspeare should be exempted from Aristotle's code, on a plea that contains an unnecessary and degrading falsehood, "that he wrote to the people"—*i. e.* to the upper gallery, or at *highest* the pit—"and that, at first, without patronage from the better sort, or aim of pleasing them." He then varies the words, but not the sense of his assertion, by saying, "that he formed himself on the judgment of the players;" quite forgetting Ben Jonson (something more than a player) and Southampton (the favourite's friend), to whom, by Shakspeare's express declaration, "the first heir of his invention" is dedicated; quite forgetting—

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames
Which so did take Eliza and our James."

We would not have our readers charge us with the literary Toryism of making "Eliza," or "our James," the defenders of our poetical faith, or with the irrationality of preferring the critical acumen of kings to their subjects (of George the Fourth, for instance, to Southey the First); but we merely wished to show the ground of Pope's argument to be as false as the structure. Dr. Johnson, though by some fine remarks, and by his glorious demolition of the unities, he may be supposed to have acquired *some right to be wrong*, has yet stretched his gigantic privilege

beyond its fair limit, when he dared to assert that Shakspeare "in tragedy, often writes with great appearance of labour, what is written at last with little felicity"—"that the effect of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity"—"that in narration, he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more perfectly delivered in few." Does this characterize the author of "Othello," or of "Irene?" Is our egotistical doctor his own theme? When this learned Theban alternately thunders and chuckles over Shakspeare's "love of quibbling," he is, to a believing reader, what he asserts a quibble is to Shakspeare—"a luminous vapour that deceives the traveller." Whoever has witnessed the childishness of agony, that shocking levity with which men in deep woe grasp at a word, or hunt down a thought, will impute these apparent blemishes to their true cause—Shakspeare's knowledge of the unaccountable moods of the mind. But let this incomparable bard pronounce, in his own language, his own justification:—

"Sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell
Once set a-ringing, with its own weight goes;
That little strength rings out the doleful knell.
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and coloured sorrow."

Equally unfounded is Johnson's censure of the moral tendency of Shakspeare's plays. He owns, that from his works "a system of social duty could be collected;" but he blames him because "his precepts and actions drop casually from him;" that is, he blames the great painter of this world, for the exact portraiture of that present providence, the moral governance of which no one denies to appear accidental, though the combined result of the whole can only be explained by the employment of infinite wisdom. Shakspeare was too great a philosopher to imagine that the world could be imposed on by that stale ethical falsehood, that every action, good or bad, is to meet its immediate and appropriate reward; but has unpretendingly enforced this general product of his reflection, that the balance of happiness will be found in the aggregate in favour of goodness. We are perfectly convinced, that those authors, who have gone on a contrary principle, of representing the world as one large court of law and equity, always sitting without one drawback of fee, vacation time, or quibble, if they have done anything, (which is improbable), have done harm; and that the disciples (if such there be) of Rasselas, Celebs, or lazy Lawrence, cheated ere long of their fair hopes, will have to exclaim before they die, with the greatest disciple of Zeno's school, "Virtue, what art thou but a name?" Had this charge of immorality been made against Beaumont and Fletcher,* the next best poets of the day, who seem more completely emancipated from the trammels of law and morality than might be expected from the sons of a judge and a bishop, we should, without a sigh, have resigned them to the critical lash. But we can never consent that Shakspeare should be charged with error, in what is one of his most signal merits—that ex-

* See Campbell's Essay on the British Poets.

quisite grace* and unobtrusive observance of nature, with which he contrives to leave on the mind a general moral effect, gathered from the discordant examples of society.

But there *is* a heavier charge against Shakspeare, which Johnson would not produce, but which we will; that is, the leaning of his politics to prerogative, and the false ideas, which, from the force of his genius, he has been enabled to convey to posterity of English history. All the concealed bias of his historic drama, (for he is too great a master of his art, to make himself the open advocate of sect or party; and his objects in politics, as in morals, are effected by secret impulses,) is to check that spirit of democratical enthusiasm, the growth of which, especially in the breasts of the puritans, must have been obvious to the clear-sighted spirits of England, ere the timbers of the fatal ship† “Sovereigne” were yet green acorns. Much allowance should be made for the prejudice of a player against the puritans, those avowed enemies of the stage, whose successful rebellion, and the subsequent restoration, have since proved a death-blow to the genuine English drama: much indulgence should be granted, in the particular of passive obedience, to “the king’s majestie’s servants,” who might suppose themselves in duty and by wages bound to speak for their master. However great may be a man’s talents, they must ever take a colour, more or less marked, from the prejudice of the day; and Shakspeare’s doctrines will appear sound and moderate, when compared with the party spirit of Johnson; who fastened with the angry indefatigable grin of a bull-dog, on the *nose* (literally speaking) of puritanism; or, with the gross servility of the high-born Beaumont and Fletcher, who deformed the plot of their most beautiful play by the weakness of a warrior, who would fight his best friend for a look, and yet endures with patience the most stinging wrongs rather than violate the divine right of ‡ kings to commit them. In considering that coloured mass of British story, which Shakspeare has bequeathed us, we should never forget that he wrote, at least in part, under the house of Tudor; (nor was the change of house in his latter period, a change for the better,) a family, who by their connexion with great events, which in their effects still continue to influence the national opinion, have obtained a vantage-spot in public estimation, of which

* There does not exist a better example of this intention to obviate evil, than the silent refutation of Jacques’s magnificent misanthropy, where he has closed his tirade against human nature, with that disheartening description of extreme age--

“Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,”

by the immediate entrance of Orlando with Adam. What more beautiful antidote to discontent, what more effectual sweetener of Jacques’s bitterness, than the appearance of one, whose age was “as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly?”

† The name of the ship for which Hampden refused to pay, “the building of which cost his Majesty the affection of his subjects, who quarrelled with him,” says Evelyn, with a cavalier candour, “for a trifle, refusing to contribute to their own safety or his glory.”

‡ So antiquated, in its literal force, is the doctrine of divine right, that the forbearance of Amyntor in the *Maid’s Tragedy* appears now unnatural; yet we fear there were many in Beaumont’s time who would have acted similarly. In like manner, we have lost all conception of the effects produced on the army of the rebel slaves in *Justin*, by the Scythians shaking scourges at them.

infamous crime and detestable policy alike rendered them unworthy. This artful dynasty had itself wielded the pen, and could well estimate the value of its service, when skillfully guided. Its last representative, in whom all the wicked energies of that house were concentrated, the man-queen Elizabeth, has contrived to ensconce her bloated iniquities behind the webs of a thousand poets and historians. These have sent her down to posterity the virgin, the heroine, the good queen Bess. No doubt the enemies of her house suffered in proportion; for whenever the cardinal virtues are forced into one camp for greater security, the cardinal vices are detached to the other.

We have small hesitation in avowing, that Shakspeare has contributed, perhaps from necessity, to produce or fortify some of these errors; and we can hardly blame him for leaning partially to that queen who is said to have suggested subjects to his muse. But whenever the remoteness of the scene presents an occasion, that love of freedom, which ever burns in the breast of the truly great, bursts forth uncontrollably. Let those who doubt, compare this plebeian in his conception of Brutus and Cassius with the republican Dante, or the patrician Sackville;

“Oh, bloody Brutus, rightly dost thou rue,
And thou, O Cassius, justly came thy fall.*”

Johnson asserts Shakspeare's genius to have had a natural tendency to comedy. “His tragedy seems to have been skill, his comedy instinct.” To decide at the bottom of which depth of the unfathomable ocean the most treasure lies strewed, may, at first sight, seem an inquiry as hopeful as the decision between Shakspeare's excellences. We have no sufficient data for such comparison; yet, to us, it has always appeared, that into the mirth of Shakspeare, as into the Irish music, there entered a pathos, † the reverse of which we could never discern in his sorrow. Our surmise will be allowed to receive confirmation, if we can produce an instance of the same subject treated by Shakspeare and some author of a decided comic cast, in which the former shall have differed from the latter by introducing a sympathy into a ludicrous situation. The practical joke of a duel between cowards has never been so ably conducted as by Shakspeare, in his *Twelfth Night*, and by Johnson in his *silent Woman*. The mutual fears of Ague-cheek and Viola, and of Daw and Lafoole, are excited in a manner very similar. It would be hard to adjust the scales of humour between Sir Toby and Truewit. After the former has acquainted the supposed Cesario, that “his interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends him at Orchard's End,” how artfully does he raise the climax of horror, when he assures him, “souls and bodies has he divorced three—and his incensement, at this moment,

* Milton has been praised, and deservedly, for having seen through the false taste of his age in Gardens. Shakspeare detected error in a wider field—e/o-quence. The speech of Brutus to his people is in the fashion of the time—of Sir Edward Coke, for instance,—though Shakspeare has improved him, as he Littleton. The correction and reprimand of his contemporaries are in the matchless speech of Antony, which none other of that day could have conceived, and which Curran considered the best study for an incipient orator.

† Vide the death of Falstaff, or the meeting of Master Launcelot Gobbo and his papa.

is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre:" and how he still rises above himself in his address to Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, "Why, man, he is a very devil; I have not seen such a virago, &c. &c. A. Pox on't! I'll not meddle with him. T. Ay, but he'll not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder." With an equally ludicrous gravity, Truewit magnifies his adversary to the affrighted Daw. "I have known many men, in my time, vexed with losses, with deaths, and with abuses, but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous did I never see or read of," &c. &c. And when Daw asks him whether he is armed? T. "Armed! Did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession? D. I, sir. T. That may give you some light to conceive him; but 'tis nothing to the principal." And then to his rival—"Enter here, if you love your life. A. Why, why? T. Question till your throat be cut—do—dally till the enraged soul finds you. A. Who is that? T. Daw it is; will you in?" He afterwards informs him—"Daw walks the round up and down through every room of the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, 'Where is Lafoole? who saw Lafoole?' And when Dauphin and I asked the cause, we could force no answer from him but, 'O revenge, how sweet art thou—I will strangle him with this towel.'"

So far the two poets laugh equally well and equally heartily—

"But there,
I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair."

In Ben Jonson, we enjoy the meek sincerity of Daw's panic, so finely contrasted with the furious cowardice of Sir Amorous, who seems to fly into a passion with his enemy for doubting his powers of enduring every contrivable indignity. The whole is excellently comic; and if our laughter is interrupted, it is but to reflect, with Truewit, "who fears the most," and perhaps decide with Cleremont, "this fears the bravest—the other a whinelling dastard, Jack Daw, but Lafoole a brave heroic coward, and is afraid in a great look and a stout accent. I like him rarely." How different is Shakspeare's management of his materials! By our previous knowledge of the sex of Viola, an interest, however slight, is excited, and the attention is no longer divided between two comic objects, but the contrast is between the glare of the ridiculous and the shade of the pathetic. That "*tragicomedy*" which Jonson professes to enact between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Daw and Lafoole, is, in sober truth, discernible in Shakspeare. We enter seriously into Viola's feelings, when she deprecates the duel; and we mentally join with her when she exclaims, "Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of man." This pathos, which runs through the comedy of Shakspeare, is the chrysalis of tragedy, and the essential difference of the higher order of intellect.

But, in reproving the errors, of which real genius has been guilty in its estimate of Shakspeare, we are involuntarily reminded of a paragraph in the most able essay of a review we recollect to have read with surpassing pleasure; we cannot pass it over in silence, for it seems to us to encroach on the honours of him for whom we are jealous, and it is, perhaps, the only opinion in that essay, with which we do not admiringly

concur*. The writer says, "if Shakspeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one: it is extremely improbable, that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject, as is to be found in Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*." Had Shakspeare, either in prose or verse, written a work of the kind, never would so much of the mystery of motive been cleared up, or the causes of action developed. It is true, no necessary connection exists, between the metaphysical and poetical faculty. The mere strength of imagination, will enable the poet to express the sentiments of his personages, without necessarily understanding the nature of their motives. The magic power just serves to transport his mind into the bodies he has moulded; in which new abode, it may continue as ignorant of its operations, as it generally is in its original one. But the mind of Shakspeare appears to have been of no such partial strength. The philosopher every-where stands forth, with as marked a firmness as the poet, and, in keen observations, of more than *Baconian* strength, he analyses, from time to time, those rich creations he has combined. To the accurate observer, it must appear that his mind's eye was as piercing into the nature of things as his body's eye was rapid in catching their forms. It is true, that from this combination of powers, his mode of conveying his ideas in the supposed work would have been different from that of the man who should possess but the systematizing faculty. He would have taught by pictures, rather than architectural drawings, and instead of leaving an armoury of general rules, to be fitted, as they best might, to individuals, he would have sufficiently hinted those general rules in vigorous, extempore, individual portraits.

Let this one instance exemplify our meaning and his sagacity. Junius notices among the peculiarities of the Scotch, "the everlasting profession of a discreet and moderate resentment." Here we have the general rule of the nation that has begotten Blackwood that was—but is now defunct, admirably expressed. Shakspeare, in a repartee, marks the same trait several years before Blackwood was born. "What think you of the Scottish Lord, his neighbour?—That he has a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him when he was able."—What a masterly breadth of observation gleams through this sally, and how accordant with Junius's remark!

But we have wandered strangely from our theme, the Poems of Shakspeare—and, like Morgan, in his treatise on Falstaff's courage, have digressed upon his general merits. Would that the produce of our ramble were as worthy of its object; that little pamphlet contains more of the expressed juice of the mulberry than all the brewings of the critics. Morgan has caught the outline of Shakspeare's features more finely than any other artist,—we will not except Schlegel; and it is, perhaps, from some such elevated spot on his surface, that we can take the truest chart of the entire; as Sinbad might climb the back fin of the crachen, to take in the whole body at a view.

* We have since bethought us of our favourite Ludlow.—If honesty that was never daunted, and sagacity that was never duped, deserve the epithets, he was "very foolish and violent."

Shakspeare's poems contain more of the shadow of his poetical substance, than even Milton's do of his; nor are Lucrece and Adon less the integral parts of a whole, than *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. The common profession of these lovely twins of Milton is, as Johnson finely expresses it, "to show how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified." The Hemispheres of Shakspeare's design comprise a world of love seen under opposing aspects. In the one we have a woman, in the other a man, subject to the most scorching influence of passion; and in order to bring out, in undisguised wildness, the sometimes anticipated, and oftener fashion-hidden workings of desire, he has assigned to his lovers, male and female, an insensible mate. The chaste Lucrece and the coy Adon are a dark ground to the high-wrought portrait of Sextus and Venus,* whose courses are as like as their physical differences permit. The Roman king and Grecian goddess, from sentimental lovers, both grow into ravishers. But it is in the subtle discrimination of the tender passion, as it manifests itself in man and woman; it is in the characterising precision, with which he has allotted to each those trains of thought, and modes of action, which the circumstances would naturally excite in the male and female mind; it is in the developement of those different paths, by which they arrive at the same conclusion: it is in this learned blazon of love's shield, and the judicious parting of *femme* and *baron*; it is in the omnipotence of an imagination that can *sex* its ideas, and delineate two passions as distinct as Eros and Anteros, that he displays a capacity more than *Tiresian*. How much of distinct character is there in the use made by Tarquin and Venus of the same simile, Narcissus:—

She.—Then wooe thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain of theft,
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

He.—Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

Venus, a woman herself subject to fear, and maddened by Adon's beauty, tries to frighten him into kindness by her prognostication, but expresses no surprise, for she feels none, at the possibility of Adonis loving so fair a creature as himself.—Sextus, an impassioned lover, is astonished at Narcissus' distasteful madness, but confidently exclaims, that, had he seen such an embodied perfection as Lucrece, he would have been no longer insensible.

Both in the management of the plot, and the machinery of the style, is direct evidence that the writer, is, or could be, a dramatist of the first class. Each poem is a succession of scenes, splendidly decorated, and the spaces between are filled with an orchestra of thoughts, deep and

* That this was his design, may be conjectured from his altering history, or rather *Heathen* theology, to make Adonis frigid, as Milton has altered *Scripture* to make the Devil a hero.

sweet, that employ the mind during the pauses of action. There is a perseverance in searching out the hidden corners of the soul, and an exposition of the same thought in several ways, that seems, to us, perfectly distinguishable from the drawling prolixity, with which many of the writers of Elizabeth love to gloat on the one idea. It looks like the discursion of Genius gathering the armour of great achievements, or, as Moore excellently expresses it, the "knight-errantry" of a mind in search of noble ideas. We may accordingly, as we shall hereafter note, here recognize many of his first draughts. If we look at the soliloquies of Venus, her conversations with Adonis, of Lucrece and her maid, with Tarquin, to herself, and compare them with the dialogues or monologues of the best narrative poets—Tasso, for instance, or Ariosto, or Milton, or Spenser, or Homer, or Virgil—we shall easily mark the difference of the epic and dramatic spirits. In Shakspeare nothing goes to an end; the great scenic secret of cutting short the dialogue, the impassioned interruption, is every-where exemplified:—

"So let thy thoughts low vassals to my state.—
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee;
Yield to my love.—"

"Where did I leave? No matter where, quoth he,
Leave me;—and then the story aptly ends;
The night is spent."

Another characteristic is the intelligent position of a word, and the conveying of the state of the speaker's mind by an unstudied expression, as of Venus's impatient desire in her immediate reply,—

"Now let *me* say good night, and so say you,
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss;
Good night, quoth she, and ere *he* says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tendered is."

The incessant endeavour to supply the want of scenery by description is very apparent, and the vivid delineations of attitude and look are evidently the stage-directions of fancy. The very defects of these poems spring from the dramatic nature of a mind, dissatisfied till it can make us see the forms, as well as comprehend the souls of things. In a play the action supplies the first half of this; in a narrative, either the hope of presenting this pantomime must be relinquished, or the task must devolve on the poet. In this anatomy of appearances, this attempt to make the reader a spectator, Shakspeare becomes at times tedious, but it is, as his own Dogberry remarks, the tediousness of a king, and he is welcome to bestow it on us. The long italic sentences with which a German playwright interlards his lean dialogue, are a sort of poor-rate levied on grimace for the support of famished imagination: Shakspeare's minute and powerful descriptions in these poems, are the remittances of a speculative eye to an abounding fancy. Let us give an instance or two, where, to use his own words,—

"This dumb play has his acts made plain."

And we could not have a better than the two preceding stanzas of Venus and Adonis:—

"Oh ! what a sight it was, worthy of view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy ;
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flashed forth fire as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels,—
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels ;
His tender cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

Oh ! what a war of looks was then between them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes," &c.

What a study for an actor is Collatinus, on intelligence of his misfortune,—

"Lo ! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head inclined, and voice dammed up with woe,
With sad set eyes and wretched arms across,
And lips now waxen pale."—

Another of the peculiarities of the buskin is discoverable in the veering of the sentiment before the gust of passion, the first topic suggesting, or rather extracting another, in that orderly disarray which nature marshals. When Sextus, trying to surmount his invincible lust by a wavering conscience, calls to mind the attachment of Lucrece to her husband, and the proofs of it he had discovered in her reception of himself ;—

"Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies ;
Oh ! how her fear did make her colour rise,
And how her hand in my hand being locked,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear,
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rocked,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood."

This picture of her devotedness to Collatinus, and the recollection of her hand and smile, do not accomplish their original intention of calming him, but bring him to the conclusion of the irresistible nature of beauty—Narcissus could not have resisted such charms.

"Why hunt I then for colours or excuses ?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleads."

Another distinctive mark of the drama, is the strict observance of that fact in nature, that the mind can change the thought more rapidly than the tongue the word. So Lucrece, after her rape, while attending the

arrival of Collatinus, in the restlessness of woe, falls to perusing the picture of Troy. Sinon's figure arrests her eye, admirably described with

"Brow unbent that seemed to welcome woe,
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

"This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill,
Saying some shape in Sinon's was abused,
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile,
She would have said, *can lurk* in such a look,
But Tarquin's shape came to her mind the while,
And from the tongue *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turned it thus,—It *cannot* be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind,
For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travel he had fainted,
Came Tarquin to me——."

This mental syntax, though quaintly and diffusely worded, is keenly expressive of Nature.

The dramatic poet must, above all others, be a painter—not only that he may imagine judiciously the place of action—as we may say, the landscape*; but also that he may successfully group his figures—that he may be a master of theatrical effect. That Shakspeare was eminently so, no one who has seen his plays represented can doubt, and there are bright traces of this splendid pencil in the poems we are considering. Heavens! what majesty in the principal figures, what featured filling of the back-ground in the description of Nestor addressing the Greeks. No painter can by possibility surpass it. It is a happy combination of Romano and Hogarth. The whole is too long to quote. Let these scattered lines suffice:—

"There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charmed the sight.
In speech it seemed his beard, all silver white,
Wagged up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which curled up to the sky."

* Are we superstitious? We cannot avoid an almost *feline* attachment for the spots on which Shakspeare's spirit rested, such as we have never felt for the localities of other dramatists, however much they may have interested us for their *personæ*. But it is not only the sweet forest of Ardennes, or the enchanted cave of Prosper, that we cherish, like its young deer, or native spirits, but the very den of Timon, the very precincts of the Capitol, have as familiar an existence to our eye, as though we had clung to the one in our adversity, or driven a nail into the other in our consulship.

Agai,

"The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the wind."

Again,

"Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear,
Here one being thronged bears back all swollen and red."—

How grandly thought and expressed the following !

"—— For Achilles' image stood his spear
Griped in an armed hand, himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind."

But there is scarce a description that is not *Dantean* in force. Milton's genius has been, by some, and most unjustly, assimilated to Dante's, whom he scarce more resembled than his other favourite Ovid. The error has originated from their consent in subject. They have both treated of "heaven, hell, and marriage;" but their modes of producing sublimity are opposite. Milton invades our imagination with the vague—the obscure—the mass. Dante with the simple—the marked—the individual. A great poet has always a character of his own, which is, and can be no one else's, however he may be less distant from one than another. Dante approaches closer to Shakspeare than he does to Milton. A description in "As you like it," has always reminded us of Dante. In the hope that our readers will be as courtly as Polonius, and see our whale in the cloud, we will give it them :

"Under an oak whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush, under which bush's shade
A lioness with udders all drawn dry
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ——."

There are, in our opinion, few perfections of which the poetic art is capable, unexemplified in these two poems ; and were Shakspeare without another record, these were sufficient to place him in the first rank of poets and philosophers. That power of the pathetic, which no other ever possessed, displays itself here, and we shall read deep into his tragedies, without meeting a more affecting scene than the death of Lucrece. Her disclosure of the name of Tarquin is a fine instance of the broken colloquy, that characterises the dramatic muse. After she has, in the language of agony, declared her wrong, without, however, naming her wronger, she entreats "the fair lords that came with Collatine" to plight their faith to avenge her injuries : which, when they had begun to promise, "longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed," she, unable to restrain her appetite for death, stops their protestation.

" ———— Oh, speak ! quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wiped from me ?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain the mind untainted clears ;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map, which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carved in with tears ;
No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

"Then with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name ; ' He, he,' she says,
But more than *he*, her poor tongue could not speak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short essays,
She utters this——' He—he—fair lords, 'tis he—
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

" Even here, she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that hence her soul unsheath'd."

In the turn of Lucrece's last sentiment we have the anticipation of Othello's noble stratagem, "and smote him—thus—." Lucrece is, in fact, a poem of the heart, and comes home to the feelings more than her sister, because we can sympathise so entirely with the heroine. Venus' case is, to be sure, a sad one ; but she is too exclusively an animal to engage any profound interest. Yet we doubt whether Col. Martin himself could reflect more true pathos on the cause of a quadruped, than she in her description of the poor hunted hare :

" By this poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs, with listening ear,
To harken if his foes pursue him still ;
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear,
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.
Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For misery is trodden on by many,
And, being low, never relieved by any."

A simile is perhaps the surest test of the poet. Though the power of enunciating ludicrous comparisons be the lowest department of the wit, and, as in Congreve's *Brisk*, may often be found a solitary forte, yet a simile is that treasure-house, to which the genuine poet entrusts the first-fruits of his heart. Shakspeare's similes, as we might expect, are imbued with the quintessence of his spirit. He compares Adonis suspiciously peeping at Venus to—

" ———— a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being looked at, ducks as quickly in."

Lucrece's hand on the coverlet,

" ———— whose perfect white
Showed like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dews of ight."

What fancy and observation is there, in the comparison for Lucrece shrinking at the presence of Tarquin :

“ Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like a new-killed bird, she trembling lies.”

And again in this perfection of a simile,—

“ ——— She the picture of true piety,
Like a white bird beneath a gripe’s sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right.”

But to quote beauties from Shakspeare, is to cut stars from the galaxy, and in no part of his firmament do stars stand thicker than in Venus and Adonis, and the rape of Lucrece. It is not, however, so much their intrinsic merit that endears them, as that they are Shakspeare “ all over ;” not only that we meet in them the plenitude of his mind, and the tone of his thoughts, but that we can trace the very turn of his phrases. We have said enough, we hope, to prove that these poems possess much of the peculiar merits of Shakspeare’s genius. They have also the characteristics of Shakspeare’s language, which is perhaps more than that of any other writer impregnated with his mind. This is the mysterious and exclusive privilege of excellence, to impress its private mark upon language without derogating from, but, on the contrary, confirming its purity. We might produce from this folio of thought the undoubted sketches of expressions or situations, which have been often admired in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Othello, the Richards, the Henrys ; and perhaps exhibit some “ etrennes” of all his immortal infants. But our limits are already passed, and we refer to the poems. With respect to two passages alone, we shall qualify our usual implicit confidence in the reader’s sagacity. In the stanza beginning “ Now stole upon the time, the dead of night,” we have a key to the thane’s rumination, before Duncan’s murder, on “ Tarquin’s ravishing strides.” The poet, impressed with his own poetry, for the moment supposes Macbeth to have written, or at least read, the rape of Lucrece. The original, too, of that admirably effective scene in Henry IV., between Hotspur and his wife, “ God’s me ! my horse !—what sayest thou, Kate ? what would’st thou have with me ?” occurs in Venus and Adonis. It is in these words :—

“ Pity ! she cries, some favour, some remorse,—
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.—”

The insight into the gradual development of genius, and the experience from what small hints, or accidental circumstance, the finest growths of intellect have been matured, are subjects of meditation, useful and encouraging to the aspirants in literature.

But we have already allotted such space to two of his poems, that we are, at present, unable to speak as we had intended, and as they deserve, of the rest. His “ deep-brained sonnets” would, in themselves, supply matter for an Anthologia, and as contrasted with Milton’s, (which in power they far excel, tho’ we confess they do not equally interest us) may form the subject of some future essay. The Lover’s Complaint is

a poem of vast merit—a nice dissection of the fluttering repentance of an amiable sinner. The poem of Dædalus, whether as an original, or a translation, contains many and high beauties. The imitation (if it be one) of David lamenting his son Absalom, is very affecting :

“The unhappy father (but no father now)
Cries out aloud, ‘son Icarus, where art thou,
Where art thou, Icarus? where dost thou fly?
Icarus, where art?’ when lo! he doth espy
The feather’s swim: aloud he doth exclaim,
‘The earth his bones, the sea doth bear his name.’”

We have extended our remarks far beyond our original intention, but Shakspeare’s “red-rose chain” is almost as irresistible as that of Venus. Alas! that we, who live after him, are only fitted to transcribe his beauties, or enhance his merit, by the contrast of our vain effusions!

M. F. G.

THE SILVER CHAIN.

WHEN Beauty owns the power of Love—
Too often Friendship’s guest!—
Alike the glen, the rock, the grove,
His monarch sway attest.
’Tis then that gifts, else valueless,
A mental one obtain;
And hence I take, for Beauty’s sake,
Such pride in this Silver Chain.

I’ve prized, ere now, the wildling flower
That in the valley blows;
But then it grew beside the bower
Where Friendship’s fane arose.
When smile meets smile, what marvel if
Young hearts sweet thoughts retain;
And did not thine, dear girl, meet mine,
As we gazed on this Silver Chain?

The Silver Chain is broken now,
But skill may that repair;
The broken heart, the blighted vow,
Belong but to despair.
Then, lady, let the voice of song
Go forth not all in vain;—
Alas! for hearts, when once there parts
One link of Love’s Silver Chain!

H. B.

METHODISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

MUCH has been said in a loose and general way about the friendship of the Methodists for the Church of England; and said, too, in some instances, by high authorities, in a manner indicating a full belief that the help of the Methodists in behalf of the Establishment might safely be calculated upon in a time of danger. We have no wish to deal unjustly towards the Methodists—or indeed with any other sect or party—in any respect whatever; but we must be allowed to say, that whoever entertains an expectation of the Church being assisted in a crisis by any except her own members, will, in our opinion, be disappointed; and we think it right that this should be known beforehand, that no false estimate may be taken of the number and strength of either her friends or her enemies. It may, indeed, be allowed, that the Methodists have no ill feeling against the Church; that they have no desire for her extinction, nor even any wish to injure her. But this is not peculiar to them: there are other sects, or at least many individuals belonging to other sects (which is all that can be said of the Methodists, who are by no means unanimous in their profession of approbation of the Church, whatever representations may have been made on the subject by certain of their teachers), who, regarding the Church as a Christian body, would not have her destroyed; nay, who sincerely desire her prosperity. Yet the Methodists have somehow succeeded in persuading Churchmen that they are, if not Churchmen too, so entirely free from a spirit of rivalry with the Establishment, as to stand entitled to the character of being, *par excellence*, the friends of the church, in the sense of seeking her welfare and having her good at heart.

This is a point of no slight importance just now—when there ought to be no mistake as to who are the real supporters of the church—and being, moreover, one on which we think a great deal of misconception exists, it is our intention to bestow some pains in setting the matter in a proper light, without prejudice or partiality.

As preliminary to what follows, we may be allowed to remark, that, besides being friends of the completest liberty of conscience being enjoyed by all sects, we have some esteem for Methodism especially; regarding, as we do, the system to have been the means of promoting true religion in this country, and of stirring up different denominations—and the Church, too—to the performance of works of usefulness. We do not, therefore, intend it to be interpreted, that one word of disrespect is here uttered towards that community, as such—however much we may object to the double—and, as we conceive, inconsistent—character which has been assumed, of being devoted Wesleyans and sincere Churchmen at the same time. With this understanding, then, we proceed to inquire—Can the Methodists fairly be considered as Churchmen, or as honest allies of the Church; and can their assistance be safely relied on, in defending the Church in the hour of danger? Our

answer to all the parts of this question is broadly and roundly, and without hesitation—NO! We are aware this will be met by an appeal to their professions on many occasions; but professions are trifles, if unsupported by practice: deeds, and not words merely, are authority with us; for professions may be cheaply—nay, even profitably, made, while the conduct is contradictory of this lip-service. There can be no hesitation, in such cases, in determining whether we are bound to form our judgment of what a person is, by what he says or by what he does—as his life, and not his word, gives the truest exposition of his principles. We ask, then—Who is a Churchman? Is he not one who subscribes to her doctrines—who attends her services—and who, according to his means and opportunities, promotes her prosperity? He loves her, is united to her, and he lives for her. But does this description apply to the Methodist? Most surely not. He has set aside her formularies,—he adores not within her walls,—he labours not for her. His worship is after another manner, in another house, under a minister not especially appointed, and every act of usefulness performed by him is not to serve the church, but a sect. Can he, then, be a Churchman? Impossible. One who never goes near the church, who does nothing for the church, and who gives his presence, his aid, and his influence, to a meeting-house—a Churchman! The picture is a fraud, and ought to be denounced as such whenever made. We feel no objection against every man possessing the right of choosing for himself in religion; and as the matter is between himself and his Maker, whatever may be his preference, we hold it to be sacred, and no one is entitled to interfere. Let the Methodist be a Methodist, and welcome, we say; but let him be satisfied with this liberty, and be withal consistent; and not, while in fact and in reality he belongs to one Christian body, profess, in the face of this, to belong to another. This we hold to be rank imposition, and alike incompatible with a good conscience and common honesty. We are aware, that in answer to the statement of the Methodists being distinct from the Church, it has been alleged, that though separate from her, they stand united in affection—that they do not oppose, but wish her well; with a great deal more to the same purpose. If by this is only meant, that the Methodists, regarding the Church as an orthodox community, are in charity with her, it may be true; but this is likewise true of other denominations, and therefore no title can be derived by the Methodists from the circumstance, to announce themselves as Churchmen or supporters of the Church. But if more than this be laid claim to—if it be said, the Methodists approve of the Church, we refer to the tests already mentioned, and ask, why, if they approve of her, have they deserted her, and given their presence and services to a rival interest? Let them explain this, before it be demanded of us to give them credit for their professions of regard for the Church, with whom they do not worship, nor stand in any way identified, beyond the empty pretence of attachment.

But this profession of regard is often made in another form, which, being plausible, must be more particularly noticed. The Methodists affirm they are not enemies, but helpers or auxiliaries, of the Church; and therefore entitled to be numbered amongst her children, or at least her friends. This, however, is only the case in the same way that other

sects are helpers—inasmuch as they all contribute to the advancement of the common cause of Christianity. But the Methodists intend it to be understood, that they are helpful to the Church in the sense of assisting in the promotion of her special objects; which is the thing we deny, affirming, at the same time, that the Methodists have never done, nor do they at present, any service for the Church which is not done by other denominations. This is indeed putting the case in a manner too favourable for the Methodists, who ought to be distinguished from other dissenters, not as being more favourable to the Church, but as having in fact taken more members from her, and transferred them to their own ranks, than all the rest of the dissenting sects put together. The dissenters generally pretend no particular friendship for the Church from which they avow themselves as differing. Here there is consistency, and however contrary may be our own opinions to some of theirs, yet we admire honesty wherever it is found. But the Methodists have taken another course, and by smiling, and fawning, and professing friendship, they have crept into the confidence of the church, and, without doing a single act to serve her proper interests, so distinguished from their own—they have wrung from her bosom some of her choicest members, and have thereby been strengthening themselves at her cost for nearly a century. Yet they say they are her friends, and shallow-minded persons believe it, notwithstanding the contrary evidence afforded by all experience. We have paid considerable attention to the history of Methodism; and although, as we have already observed, we esteem the Methodists for the good which they have unquestionably been the means of promoting, we resist the conclusion that their professions of regard for the church, if not made for the very purpose, have been the cause, not of serving her, but of serving themselves of her. They may not, it is true, have been so politic as the effects of their procedure would seem to indicate; but, apart from Christian charity, and judging only by what has actually taken place, we should be led to consider the motive of the Methodists for professing friendship for the church to be one of unmixed selfishness, and intended to work their own profit, by enabling them to live upon the credit of the church, partake of her influence, and in numberless cases to supplant her in the affections of the people.

We have just referred to the history of Methodism, and we will now advert to it again, for the purpose of citing a few facts, to which we solicit the attention of the Bishop of Exeter and other churchmen, who either have, or act as if they had, imbibed a notion that the Methodists are a sort of Churchmen, and may be counted for such in case of danger. Credulous men! how little are they acquainted with the course which Methodism has been taking from its commencement. The following sketch ought not—and yet from the manner in which some of our dignitaries speak, we believe it will be, new to them:

When Mr. Wesley, whom we revere as a great and useful man, first set out to preach wherever he could, in chambers, fields, or market-places, we have no doubt his intention was to serve the Church. As a proof of this, he did all he could to bring men to the Church. He had no separate preaching in church hours, that men in hearing him might be forced to be absent from the service of the establishment. Now, this

conduct was friendly, and denoted his affection for the Church. He had no such primary object as to establish a new sect; but, as he proceeded, he became involved with others, who wanted his church principles, and in course of time the thing which he was so much averse to—viz. the creation of a dissenting denomination, was effected. It is particularly worthy of remark how gradually and cautiously methodism proceeded, under the guidance of its wary and politic preachers, in its complete secession from the establishment: at first, they had no worship during the hours appropriated for church service, for the purpose, as was said, of giving their members the opportunity of attending at the establishment as well as upon their preaching—very good: but mark what followed, and then say if they did not in this instance make a virtue of necessity, and pretended not to wish to oppose the church in regard to preaching, merely because they knew that to preach out of church hours was the way to get congregations of church people, who would not otherwise have attended them, if by so doing they had been compelled to be absent from the Church. The effect, at least, if not the identical object of this arrangement was therefore to get Churchmen to hear the Methodists, and not to accommodate the Church; this is proved by the fact that, when at length the Methodist preachers had so far got hold of the people as to be strong enough to set up for themselves, then church hours were disregarded, and they fixed their times for worship as best suited their convenience, leaving the church to get filled as it might, or the clergy to address themselves to empty pews, for what they cared:—this was the first step in their departure from the Church, and was as far as they dare go at once. The sacrament, baptism, and the burial of the dead they did not then meddle with, but left them entirely to the established clergy, as proofs, they said, how much they loved the church, and that they had not separated from her communion, and become dissenters. This served their purpose at the time, which was all they desired. It is true some individuals in the Establishment could not comprehend how those could be Churchmen who set up rival preaching at the same hour that the Church had service; but, as still they said they belonged to the Church, and came to the sacrament, which was the legal test of membership, they were partially believed, and the alarm was not great on the subject. Well: but, first having succeeded in establishing independent worship, they subsequently began to administer the sacrament, to baptise, to bury their own dead, and to be in every respect a separated people from the Church; now, where is the difference between this and becoming dissenters. Still they said, when referred to on these points, "We do not oppose the Church," and nobody contradicting them, their professions were put on record. In the meantime they went on to do the best they could for themselves, and the more completely to accomplish their object, they have done all in their power to counterfeit, as it were, every attractive or venerable feature of the Church, and to allure, by every possible means, persons to give them the preference; or to entrap them into a withdrawal from the Church by persuading them that in becoming Methodists they still belonged to the establishment. With this view, they have exerted all their might to obtain splendid places of worship—organs have been introduced, with other musical instruments, to be the more tempting; and even the Church service, too, is read in many places. Now, what is

the intention of all this—to serve the Church? No, but to get up a rival establishment, which should compete with the Church, and in the end overthrow her. To entertain a doubt on this point is, on the part of Churchmen, to manifest the most absurd incredulity as to the intentions of the Methodist preachers, who, whatever may be the shortsightedness of others, know well how to conduct the profitable trade of dissembling kindness for the Church, while every thing they do is selfishly intended to promote exclusively their own interests. Our authority for what we say is their past conduct, and our rule of judgment as to their future intentions is common sense. We assert most positively that the Methodists as a body never have assisted the Church, and moreover that it is the sheerest folly to expect they ever will do so, or to depend upon them for the slightest help for the Church in case of danger. We have not been without the means of forming an opinion—a just estimate, indeed—both of the Methodist people and their preachers. The former we believe to be generally simple-hearted, pious, and well-meaning; but the latter, more especially a few of the leading ones, under a plain garb and with self-denying pretensions, have more of ambition and of human policy in their composition than is commonly suspected. No class of men on earth professing religion, carry matters with a higher hand than they do, where they have authority; or are more pompous in showing their consequence to their inferiors. Towards the Church of England expediency has however hitherto dictated a different demeanour; and it is with them an object to be thought friendly towards her, merely because they have profitted and expect to profit by it. They, in fact, traffic with this profession on part of a fictitious capital, which they have pushed into extensive circulation with the expectation of receiving good interest; and they have not been disappointed, for, thanks to the credulity of Churchmen, it has produced a return an hundred-fold! We repeat, then, our conviction that the Methodist preachers have no such affection for the Church as would lead them to help her under any circumstance; and our solemn opinion is, that the Church incurs great danger in seeming to lean to Methodistical aid, in as much as she will never obtain it; and therefore all hopes resting thereon are false; and further, this frequent reference to the Methodists as allies of the Church, instead of strengthening or fortifying her, has a contrary effect, by causing her to neglect those means of defence which she has within herself, and which only can be of avail in any great crisis. The Church, we say, can defend herself if she will, but before she does this, her confidence in foreign help must cease; and, being brought fully to consider herself in a true and proper light, she must remove every bye-purpose, and be solely anxious to fulfil the design of her establishment:—viz. the instruction of the people of England in the great truths of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Church has hitherto been defended in a way which has alarmed her best friends, and given every advantage to her enemies. Many of her professed advocates have, in fact, done their work just in the manner they should have done, if they had intended shortly to deliver her over to destruction. First, instead of admitting that certain imperfections and abuses (and who can deny these?) have crept upon her, and showing a willingness for *them* to be scattered to the four winds, they have defended her in the gross,—good and bad have

been taken indiscriminately under the protection of these champions, and they have stood by the whole as if it were perfection itself. This is one error: a second has been, that her defenders have mostly expended their zeal in protection of her revenues, while her doctrines and her efficiency for salvation have seemed but to occupy a secondary place in their esteem. Every nerve has been strained to uphold her tithes, her church votes, &c., while her spiritual character has been too much forgotten. Now, the most successful line of defence would be, to show that the revenues of the Church were not regarded as private emoluments, but entirely as a provision for the maintenance of men whose sole business it is to do good,—who are not of the world, but given up, body and soul, to the service of God and their fellow-men. The true defenders of the Church should set themselves to disencumber her of those who disgrace her by unclerical conduct,—of drones who eat her fruits without serving her interests. Some of the trammels which are upon the Church should be taken off, and she should have all possible liberty to do good. Every encouragement should be given to those who really love her, and are useful to promote her welfare:—but we find we are deviating from the particular object of this article, which was to show, that in estimating the Methodists as being friends of the Church, an error is committed; which, if persevered in, the establishment may be greatly injured thereby. We hope this has been made sufficiently apparent, and that, in future, those who really desire the conservation and prosperity of the Church of England, will withdraw all confidence from other sects, so far as regards their helping her in her difficulties; but, at the same time, we would have no hostile or unchristian feeling cherished by the Church in reference to any sect whatever. An unclean spirit is utterly at variance with the genius of the gospel; we hope, therefore, that still the Church places no reliance on them for aid. She will always say to those who are not in communion with her, “Serve God in your own way, and be at peace;” and that, so far as any sect is instrumental in doing good, its usefulness, in the cause of religion generally, will be acknowledged, though it may not be regarded as properly auxiliar to, or in alliance with, the Church of England.

SONNET.

’Tis evening’s placid hour, most still and calm,
 The sun is setting in the crimson’d west,
 And birds are sweetly singing him to rest,
 With notes most plaintive, like a low-breath’d psalm.
 Nature seems downcast—as a gentle maid,
 To whom her lover late hath bid adieu,
 Wears on her countenance the languid hue
 Of sorrow, where a smile so lately played.
 Now twilight walks along the darkening sky,
 And throws on all around her fairy veil;
 And there, the young moon shows her crescent pale;
 And heaven is bright with starry sanctity:
 Deep silence reigns, and all is hushed repose—
 Oh! that a world so fair, should be a world of woes! * * *

MR. "PUBLIC INSTRUCTOR" ROEBUCK.

If a late Chancellor of Exchequer deserved the nick-nomen of "Prosperity Robinson;" or Mr. Spencer Percival that of "General Fast;" surely the Honourable Member for Bath ought ever to be known as "Public Instructor Roebuck:" not that he is, in the smallest degree, competent to the task such a cognomen sets him; but because he has, without call or solicitation, taken upon himself to enlighten the empire in all matters touching "politics and morals."

We need scarcely inform our readers, that Mr. Roebuck has been for some months amusing himself and a select number of friends,—namely, Messrs. F. Place, Grote, Hume, *et hoc genus*,*—by publishing a series of pamphlets for the avowed purpose of instructing the people in legislation, and of "modestly discovering that of themselves which yet they know not of."

Now that the party warfare of a most important session is over, we are led to inquire, in the absence of more engrossing subjects, what are the pretensions of Mr. Roebuck to the vast work he has voluntarily undertaken? But, in pursuing this inquiry, we wish most distinctly to be understood, that our remarks will be simply directed to the self-assumed character of "an instructor to the public;" for it is right we should confess, that the whole of our knowledge of that character has been gleaned from his speeches in parliament, his pamphlets, and a certain correspondence between him and a Mr. Stirling.

The qualifications demanded of a political instructor are, manifestly, honesty, sound understanding of the principles and practice of government, and the capability of communicating the elements of his knowledge, in language plain, forcible, and apt. Does Mr. Roebuck possess these requisites? Let us see.

The first desideratum involves a discussion of no small delicacy. To moot the question of honesty, in reference to any particular individual, would entail upon one—having the fear of the law of libel before his eyes—a most dangerous line of argument; but, to accuse a person of so much moral dishonesty, as will induce him "to bear false witness against his neighbour;" or to be guilty of "*legally* evading†" established enactments," is, we believe, less dangerous:—at least, we hope so, for of these last are we obliged to charge the Honourable Member for Bath.

Referring to the correspondence before mentioned, we find, that in a pamphlet on "the Stamped Press and its Morality," Mr. Roebuck stated, —not doubtingly or equivocally, but positively, as if he knew from his own knowledge,—that Mr. Stirling was an editor of the "Times" news-

* The whole incorporated into a self-constituted body, entitled "A Society for the Diffusion of Moral and Political Knowledge."

† Mr. Roebuck's own expression: *vide* his first pamphlet, p. 5.

paper; applying, also, to that gentleman, the epithets "cowardice," "baseness," "skulking," "charlatanism," and "depravity" worse than that of an assassin!" For this the pamphleteer was brought to a most abject apology, and sheltered himself under the plea of "misapprehension!"

Setting aside the excessive inconsistency of an instructor in *morals*, putting forth such expressions as those above quoted,—that, too, in an article on the depravity and coarseness of the Stamped Press,—we ought to award the uttermost excess of contempt to a man, who pretends to teach others that of which he is himself totally ignorant. Supposing it to be essential that "the people" should be made acquainted with the private character of Mr. Stirling, our "public instructor" pretended to tell them; and stated things, for which, as he afterwards owned in his apology, he had not the slightest foundation:—namely, that Mr. Stirling was editor of "the Times," a charlatan, a coward, &c. &c. What is the word by which such asseverations deserve to be designated? We would rather not use it.

But the "public instructor" misapprehended. Be it so. And viewing his conduct in this, its most favourable light, it sadly detracts from the character of a teacher; for he must have been either so obtuse as to "misapprehend" matters which are, with the least possible trouble, comprehended; or, understanding them, so dishonest, as wilfully to misrepresent the truth. If, then, he be found guilty of deceiving his multitudinous pupil, the public, in matters involving the character of a private gentleman, and consequently, in some shape, at his own personal risk; how are his instructions to be depended on, when applied to the great principles of "government and morality?"

Again: the absence of that moral rectitude which ought to be the chief attribute of such a character as Mr. Roebuck has chosen to assume, is glaringly evident in the fact of a legislator—a man chosen by a body of constituents to enforce and revise the laws—wickedly betraying the trust reposed in him, and instead of supporting the legal institutions of his country, basely, deliberately breaking them! The pamphlets under consideration are—according to Mr. Roebuck's own showing, in the commencement of his first publication—as unequivocally liable to the imposts of the stamp-act, as any newspaper in the kingdom; and, having boastingly shown so much, he proceeds to discuss "the means by which its enactments might be *legally* avoided," with the effrontery of a logical smuggler, who might argue to prot: the *legality* of defrauding the revenue.

And here we cannot help digressing, to point out the extreme partiality with which the stamp laws have, of late, been administered. Why should a poor wretch, who, for vending an unstamped publication—possibly to escape the horrors of starvation—why should *he* be sent to jail, for merely distributing papers, with the compilation of which he had nothing to do, and with the contents of which he is, in all probability, entirely ignorant?—punished for only being accessory to an offence, of which, morally, he is entirely innocent?

Why? Because it is perfectly proper that law-breakers should be punished—"the law allows it, and the court awards it." The question then naturally arises—Why should one legislative trespasser be punished, and another escape? We leave the first interrogatory with the readers

of "Cleave's Police Gazette," and would be glad to hear the second resolved by the dosers over Mr. Roebuck's pamphlets.*

We have next to inquire, if Mr. Roebuck understands the theory and practice of government? This will cost but little trouble. One sentence from his article, "On the Means of Conveying Information to the People," will speedily settle the amount of our instructor's political acumen:

"We (namely, the writer and his *clique*) believe that no people can be well governed that do not govern themselves!"

This sentence is evidently an attempt to express the *epistolicum* of republicanism, but is as untenable and fallacious as any jumble of words can well be;† and to attempt the refutation of a proposition so silly, would be idle: the *instructor*, however, saves us the trouble, for, in the very next page, he flatly contradicts himself—thus:—

"It is clear, that although the people ought to govern, they cannot do so directly, and by themselves."

These two sentences, taken from a pamphlet professedly written to expound the views of Mr. Roebuck and his pamphleteering companions, must show at once their total ignorance of legislature, limited, constitutional, or republican. And, although we do not always see the justice of picking out, as we have done, one sentence to refute sentiments expressed in another—yet, in this instance, we can plead ample justification: first, because the contradiction is unequivocal and positive; next, because the context neither qualifies nor excuses it; and, lastly, because the premises first predicated are untenable, and consequently undeducible; so that, without making a fresh proposition, the writer must have abandoned the argument for want of materials for deduction.

But this ignorance is not confined to the science of legislation. The total independence of elementary knowledge displayed in the Roebuck pamphlets, brings us to our third consideration: the capability of expressing ideas in language plain, forcible, and apt.

To comply with this condition, it is plain, two things are necessary: that the teacher should have ideas to express, original and essentially his own; and that he should be acquainted with the common rudiments of the English grammar. In both these essentials, our "public instructor" is more than deficient. He seems entirely unpossessed of any idea which has not been previously propounded and published, from the days of the "gagging bill" and "Corresponding Society," to those of the surpassingly talented, but frequently wrong-headed, William Cobbett. The arguments of Mr. Roebuck—or, rather, those he takes the liberty of borrowing—seem to undergo a similar process to the pouring of water through a sieve. From the extreme instability of his sentiments, and the confused manner in which he attempts to express them, it would seem that they are imbibed for the especial purpose of manu-

* We are, certainly, of opinion, that some alteration in the stamp act, as regards newspapers, is loudly called for; but while in its present state, the law ought to be obeyed; and it is obvious, that a member of Parliament should be the last person either to *evade* or break it.

† We suppose the instructor means, that no people can be well governed that do not govern *each other*.

facturing his pamphlets. His effusions bear evidence, that the process of *learning* occurs immediately previous to that of *teaching*; and that he performs the latter operation prematurely—before the first has been either digested or consummated; and, consequently, his information, being but superficially impressed upon his own mind, is poured forth to the public "in one weak, washy, overwhelming flood."

How aptly soever these remarks apply to his sentiments, they bear not, however, an equal reference to his syntax. The rules of that school-boy accomplishment he has evidently never learned at all, or acquired them too superficially even to admit of his applying them to the emanations from "The Society for the Diffusion of Moral and Political Knowledge."

To prove this assertion, would involve us in a labyrinth of verbal criticism—a task not excessively amusing, either to us or our readers, and only worthy of the talents of a school-usher. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of referring "the curious in composition" to a random selection of Roebuckiana, below.*

* We will begin with bad English:—

"As we do not take advantage of the benefits of being a *periodical*," &c. &c.

It would be curious to know what *would* be the advantage of "we" (Roebuck and Co.) being *hocus-pocussed* into a "periodical."

"To draw the line accurately between the *domain* of *law* and *morality* is no easy task," &c.—*The Stamped Press of London and its Morality*, p. 1.

"Domain" for "domains."

"Who *was* it that persecuted the Quakers? Protestants. Who *was* it that passed intolerant acts against dissenters? Protestants. Who *was* it that framed the sanguinary code for Ireland? Protestants."—*Commemoration of the Reformation*, p. 13.

Platitudes:—

"But I am not so blinded by this persuasion, as to believe that all the people do is *wise*—neither can I be persuaded to call the people *wise*, when I believe them to be *ignorant*."—*On the Means of conveying Information to the People*, p. 5.

"The government, under the best system, can but be the reflexion of the people: *if they be wise, by adopting a good system, you will produce a wise government; if they be ignorant, an ignorant one.*"—*Idem*, p. 7.

Identical propositions:—

"Your object, in the coming Municipal Elections, ought to be, and doubtless will be, to select persons who will with honesty and intelligence discharge the duties imposed on the Municipal Government: *in other words, you will endeavour to select honest and intelligent Town Councillors.*"—*A Letter to the future Municipal Electors of Bath*, p. 8.

The "other words" produce the same sentiment, written in nearly the same "words."

"That body of persons who are appointed to manage the city's own concerns, are with us called the City Corporation. *The object, then, for which the City Corporation is appointed, is to manage the peculiar concerns of the city.*"—*A Letter to the Electors of Bath on the Corporation Bill*, p. 2.

We could, if we chose to be tiresome, multiply these extracts *ad infinitum*, as almost every page exhibits some sin against grammar or common sense.

Having thus shown the public-instructing pamphleteer to be a person utterly disqualified for his task—as well from the want of that *sine qua non*, public principle, as from his lamentable deficit in the matter of common education—we owe our readers an apology for occupying these pages with a subject so extremely unworthy. But it is possible for the most ignorant, the most illiterate—even for Mr. Roebuck—to cause much evil, both political and moral; particularly amongst his own class—that of uneducated persons. To avert, in some degree, such evil, by exposing the presumption, folly, and emptiness, of those who would engender it, has been our aim—an object we will ever deem paramount.

In conclusion, we ought to observe, that many papers published in "Mr. Roebuck's Pamphlets," are written by other members of the "Society." The best general notice we can give them is, that they are grammatically expressed. The paper signed "FRANCIS PLACE," and headed "HAND-LOOM WEAVERS," is, however, marked by sound sense, and is likely to do good to the persons addressed.*

W.

SONNET.

METHOUGHT I saw a vision from the dead
 Come cloth'd in beauty, as I slumbering lay;
 She had no terrors, but a smile did play
 Gently upon her face; and round her head
 A circling halo its meek lustre shed:
 A cloud transparent seem'd her white array,
 Lovely as one that, on a summer day,
 O'er the blue heavens is delicately spread.
 And she did bend her beaming eyes on me,
 And in kind voice, with tenderness replete,
 Chaunted a wild and plaintive melody,
 A song of death:—to die—how passing sweet!
 A lulling opiate for the weary breast,
 Bringing smooth slumbers and untroubled rest. * * *

* We will take leave to remark in this place, and by way of "addenda," that, in common with our contemporaries, we do not entertain a sentiment of respect for the public character whose conspicuous demerits have called forth this paper. We desire, however, to extend our good-nature, rather than our political good-will, towards this degraded pamphlet-monger—this mere abortion of common sense—which we have taste enough to disapprove, as disgracing the "sacred cause" it aims to abet. It is pretended, too, that this infatuated person supplies the place, in the present age, of the illustrious Junius—save the mark! We shall ever be grateful to the memory of Junius, for having, as it were, breathed into our mind—for having inspired our heart—for having imbued our soul, with the unpretending spirit of liberty, which, of all moral sentiments, we firmly believe tends most to swell the bosom with a sort of superhuman apprehension of our own dignity. Is it not that very "dignity" which creates within us moral heroism; and mediately conduces to our proud enjoyment of all that to British manhood were desirable—self-esteem—self-veneration? Answer who may, such is our bias,—ED.

ESSAY ON THE MORAL EFFECTS OF FICTION, ESPECIALLY IN NOVELS.

BY THE LATE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

It is, you know, a favourite notion of mine, that a sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, is a late acquirement of civilized taste. Mr. Twining, in his translation of Aristotle's "Poetics," observes, that there is no single term, either in Greek or Latin, for "prospect."

Both Aristotle and Bacon consider fiction and poetry as equivalent terms. Aristotle observes, that verse without fiction is not poetry; and Bacon teaches us, that poetry may be written in prose as well as in verse. There were few examples in the time of Bacon, perhaps none in that of Aristotle, of fiction without the ornament of metre. But these great philosophers could not suppose that the arrangement of sounds was the essential distinction between two different modes of exercising the human faculties. Aristotle, agreeably to the bent of his genius, considers poetry, in its analogy to philosophy—a wide unexplored field, which I, at present, forbear to enter. Bacon, whose intellect had taken no bent, but was equally ready to be shot out in any direction where new objects were to be caught, considers the moral effect of fiction, which is the subject of my present inquiry.

Fiction, if its nature be attentively considered, seems to be capable of producing two moral effects.

I. It represents a degree of ideal excellence, superior to any virtue which is observed in real life. This effect is perfectly analogous to that of a model of ideal beauty in the elegant arts. As in the arts of painting and sculpture, so in the noblest of all arts, the art of living well, the pursuit of unattainable perfection raises us more near to what we never can reach. Valour or benevolence may be embodied in the hero of a tale, as female beauty in the Venus, or male beauty in the Apollo. This effect of fiction is represented with majestic eloquence by Bacon. To this he confined his attention; and does not seem to have considered another effect perhaps not of inferior importance.

II. Every fiction is popular in proportion to the degree in which it interests the greatest number of men. Now, to interest is to excite the sympathy of the reader with one of the persons of the fiction—to be anxious about his fortunes, to exult in his success, and to lament his sufferings. Every fiction, therefore, in proportion as it delights, teaches a new degree of fellow-feeling with the happiness or misery of other men; it adds somewhat to the disposition to sympathise, which is the spring of benevolence; and benevolence is not only the sovereign queen of all the virtues, but that virtue for whose sake every other exists, and which bestows the rank of virtue on every human quality that ministers in her train. No fiction can delight but as it interests; nor can it excite interest but as it exercises sympathy; nor can it excite sympathy without increasing the disposition to sympathise, and, con-

sequently, without strengthening benevolence. There is no doubt that the best school of compassion is real calamity; and that the intercourse of sympathy and benefit, in active life, is the most effectual discipline of humanity. The effect of similar scenes in fiction is proportionably fainter, but it may be repeated as often as is desired; and, at all events, it is so much added to the school of real events.

This importance would appear greater, if we could transport ourselves back to the first abject condition of the human brute. A rare act of virtue, probably of valour, the quality most necessary and most brilliant, is versified and recited; his only wish is, that his beastly idleness may be diverted; but something of the sentiment which produced the virtue steals into his soul. The success of the singer rouses others. When they have exhausted mere brute courage, they think of the motive which inspired it. He who is killed for his tribe, or for his family, is the more favoured hero. The barbarous poet and his savage hearers find that they have been insensibly betrayed to celebrate and admire humanity. One act of virtue is, as it were, multiplied by a thousand mirrors of rude fiction: these images afford so many new pictures to the imagination of the savage. In a long series of ages, it may be said, with truth—

“ Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Her track, where’er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous shame,
Th’ unconquerable mind, and freedom’s holy flame.”

Every state of society has its predominant virtue, of which it delights to multiply the ideal models. By frequently contemplating these, other virtues are excluded, and the favourite quality is nourished to that excess at which it becomes a vice. Admiration of the valour of Achilles inspires a criminal rage for war, and lessens our abhorrence for the rapine and cruelty of the hero. Treatises on morals, written in the most dissimilar times, may exactly coincide; but it is otherwise with fiction, and such practical modes of inspiring moral sentiment; they proceed from the feelings, and they must be marked by the prevalent feelings of the age which produces them. Unhappily, the effect of the moral treatise is small; that of the fiction, though unequal and irregular, is very great. A man who should feel all the various sentiments of morality, in the proportions in which they are inspired by the *Iliad*, would certainly be far from a perfectly good man. But it does not follow that the *Iliad* did not produce great moral benefit. To determine that point, we must ascertain whether a man, formed by the *Iliad*, would be better than the ordinary man of the country at the time in which it appeared. It is true, that it too much inspires an admiration for ferocious courage. That admiration was then prevalent, and every circumstance served to strengthen it. But the *Iliad* breathes many other sentiments less prevalent, less favoured by the state of society, and calculated gradually to mitigate the predominant passion. The friendship and sorrow of Achilles for Patroclus, the patriotic valour of Hector, the paternal affliction of Priam, would slowly introduce more human affections. If they had not been combined with the admiration of barbarous courage, they would not have been popular, and consequently they would have found no entry into those savage hearts which they

were destined (I do not say, *intended*) to soften. It is therefore clear, from the very nature of poetry, that the poet must inspire somewhat better morals than those around him, though, to be effectual and useful, his morals must not be totally unlike those of his contemporaries. With respect to posterity, the case is somewhat different; as they become more and more civilized, they limit their admiration to the really admirable qualities of energy, magnanimity, and sensibility; they turn aside their eyes from their attendant ferocity, or consider it only as a proof of the power of the poet, as an exact painter of manners. If the *Iliad* should, in a long course of ages, have inflamed the ambition and ferocity of a few individuals, even that evil, great as it is, will be far from balancing all the generous sentiments which, for three thousand years, it has been pouring into the hearts of youth, and which it now continues to infuse, aided by the dignity of antiquity, and by all the fire and splendour of poetry. Every succeeding generation, as it refines, requires the standard to be proportionably raised.

Apply these remarks, with the necessary modifications, to those fictions copied from common life, called novels, which are not above a century old, and of which the multiplication and the importance, as well as literary as moral, are characteristic features of England. There may be persons now alive who may recollect the publication of '*Tom Jones*,' at least, if not of '*Clarissa*.' In that time, probably twelve novels have appeared, of the first rank—a prodigious number, of such a kind, in any department of literature; and the whole class of novels must have had more influence on the public, than all other sorts of books combined. Nothing popular can be frivolous; whatever influences multitudes, must be of proportionable importance. Bacon and Turgot would have contemplated with inquisitive admiration this literary revolution.

If fiction exalts virtue by presenting ideal perfection, and strengthens sympathy by multiplying the occasions for its exercise, this must be best done when the fiction most resembles that real life which is the sphere of the duties and feelings of the great majority of men. At first sight, then, it seems that the moralist could not have imagined a revolution in literature more favourable to him, than that which has exalted and multiplied novels. And now I hear a clamour around me;—'*Tom Jones* is the most admirable and popular of all English novels, and will Mr. Philosopher pretend that *Tom Jones* is a moral book?' With shame and sorrow it must be answered, that it does not deserve the name, and a good man, who finds such a prostitution of genius in a book so likely to captivate the young, will be apt to throw it from him with indignation; but he will still, even in this extreme case, observe, that the same book inspires the greatest abhorrence of the duplicity of *Blifil*, of the hypocrisy of *Thwackum* and *Square*; that *Jones* himself is interesting by his frankness, spirit, kindness, and fidelity—all virtues of the first class. The objection is the same in its principle with that to the *Iliad*. The ancient epic exclusively presents war—the modern novel, love; the one what was most interesting in public life, and the other, what is most brilliant in private, and both with an unfortunate disregard of moral restraint—

"Fierce wars and faithful loves."

A more refined objection against novels has been made by Stewart,

from whom I am always unwilling to dissent, especially on the mixed questions of taste and morals, which he generally treats with uncommon success. He admits that fiction cultivates the moral taste, the advantage ascribed to it by Lord Bacon; but he seems to deny (though with some fluctuation) that it cultivates sympathy—the advantage for which I have ventured to contend. The sum of his objections is, that every repetition of a melancholy scene blunts sensibility; that this is not balanced, as in real life, by strengthening the active habit; and that a custom of contemplating the elegant distresses of fiction, makes the mind shrink from the homely, and often disgusting, miseries of the world. The last objection has a certain degree of truth. A mind accustomed to compassionate distress only when divested of disgusting circumstances, will doubtless not be so ready to pity haggard and loathsome poverty, as those who have been long habituated to contemplate that sort of misery. But the true question is, whether such a mind will not be more disposed to pity, in such circumstances, than one who has never had compassion excited before.

It deserves particular consideration, that distress is never presented in fiction, but where it is naturally followed by pity, which it is the object of the fiction to inspire. It must be, and it ought to be, quite otherwise in real life. The physician is immediately roused by the sight of suffering, to consider the means of relief; the magistrate connects the sufferings of the criminal with the advantage of society; the angry man feels a gratification in the sufferings of his enemy. These states of mind are natural; some of them useful, and even necessary. The case of the physician is that of every man constantly engaged in the practice of benevolence; but they are all examples where pain is *dissociated* from the sufferings of others, and where real misery produces sentiments different from pity—the most generally useful of all human feelings.

From the larger proposition I differ also—that “an habitual attention to scenes of fictitious distress is not merely useless to the character, but positively hurtful.” Impressions are weakened by repetition; associations between two ideas, or between two feelings, or between an idea and a feeling, are strengthened by repetition; and the force of such associations will be directly in proportion to the number of times that the ideas or feelings have co-existed, or immediately succeeded each other. This theory is applicable to every operation of the mind, but the mere passive receiving of impressions; it is obviously applicable to all the passions, and is, indeed, the law on which their growth depends. Take the instance of avarice. There is in avarice an association between the idea of money and the feeling of pleasure. It is perfectly clear, that the oftener this idea and this feeling have been associated, the stronger is the power of the idea to call up the feeling. It would be most extravagant indeed to suppose, that the repetition of fits of anger did not make a man more irascible, in a manner so independent of outward acts, that men often become more passionate from the painful necessity of concealing all its outward marks. If the contemplation of pathetic scenes weakens pity, why should not the contemplation of excellence weaken the love of virtue?

Then, though each single impression is, no doubt, weakened by repetition, yet this may be more than counterbalanced by new impressions,

received from the same object, in frequent successive contemplation. Every mind which possesses any sensibility to rural beauty, receives the strongest impression at first from every part of a beautiful scene which it can then perceive ; but many succeeding views may reveal new beauties, and cultivation may quicken and expand his power of observing. The impression from what I did see in the "Elegy*" was strongest at first ; but my whole impression is far stronger after the ten thousandth perusal, because I now see a great deal more. Pity receives a similar improvement from education ; it acquires a more exquisite tact, and discovers pains of which, in its first gross state, it would not have suspected the existence. On this depend all the delicacy of compassion, and the grace of beneficence. In this manner, after a long exercise of sympathy, even the whole impression made by the sufferings of others may be stronger, because (if I may so speak) the rays issue from a greater number of points.

But this is not all ; every emotion of pity is necessarily followed by a desire to relieve, (however faint,) which partakes of the nature of an active habit ; it is not unfelt even towards fictitious distress. If this desire—this internal effort—this mental act, did not follow the law of active habits, what would be the case of those good men who see misery often, and seldom, or perhaps never, may have the means of relieving it ? Mr. Stewart will not suppose that their hearts will be hardened, or that their pity will not be in many respects more lively and eager than that of those who have relieved themselves by beneficence. On the contrary, he will acknowledge that the facility of relieving the coarser distresses is one of the circumstances which corrupt and harden the rich, and fills them with the insolent conceit, that all the wounds of the human heart can be healed by their wealth.

In differing from Mr. Stewart, I am delighted in concurring with one for whom he and I feel the most profound reverence, and who (I agree with him) had more comprehensive views of the progress of society than any man since Bacon. "Il regardoit les romans comme des livres de morale, et même, disoit-il, comme les seuls ou il eut vu de la morale." (Vie de Turgot par Condorcet, p. 62.)

Novels inspire romantic indiscretions. Whatever violates the rules of duty, in which are included those of prudence, is, no doubt, *below* perfect morality ; but how much is the romantic lover *above* the sensual and the mercenary ! The period of the prevalence of novels has been characterised by another very remarkable phenomenon ; it is the only period in history in which female genius could be mentioned as materially contributing to the literary glory of a nation.

As they are now the most numerous class of literary productions, there must be more bad novels than bad books of any other kind. The number of wretched publications under the name, the modern origin of this species of composition, and the familiar appearance of its subjects, give, in the eye of many, an air of frivolity to the name of novel ; and many a foolish pedant who wastes his life in illustrating an obscure and obscene comedy of Aristophanes, would be ashamed to read an English

* "In a Country Church-yard."

novel of high genius and pure morals. I do not meddle with the important questions of prudence in the education of a female; what novels she ought to read, and when. As to ninety-nine of every hundred novels, I know from experience that it is a sad waste of time—"the stuff of which life is made."

It should be observed, that, for the purpose of this argument, history and fiction are on a footing; both present distress not occurring in our own experience. The effect does not at all depend on the particular or historical truth, but on that more general or philosophical truth of which Aristotle speaks, and which consists in a conformity to human nature. The effect of the death of *Clarissa*, or of *Mary Stuart*, on the heart, by no means depends on the fact that the one really died, but on the vivacity of the exhibition by the two great painters, *Hume* and *Richardson*. All the interest of the story, and all the charm of the style, produce subordinate sentiments, which, in pathetic narrative, flow into the main stream of pity, sweeten its composition, increase its pleasurable ingredients, and strengthen the disposition towards it. As benevolence, which is the most delightful of all human feelings, is a part of pity, the latter is never wholly painful; and the pain seldom predominates for a long time. The expressions of poetry respecting "the luxury of woe," &c. would be inadmissible in poetical composition, if they were not sanctioned by the general feeling.

ANACREONTIC BALLAD,

By Mrs C. B. Wilson.

TRIM the taper! fill the bowl!
 Scarce our revel hath begun;
 Stir not hence, each jovial soul—
 Stir not, till the rising sun
 Comes your ling'ring steps to chide,
 With its paly-gleaming ray;—
 When the bowl's last tears are dried,
 Up! to daylight's cares away!
 Trim the taper—fill the bowl—
 Scarce our revel hath begun;
 Stir not hence, each jovial soul,
 Mirth like ours should greet the sun!
 Night is here with roses crowned,
 Like a young and blushing bride;
 And each sterner thought is drowned
 In the goblet's sparkling tide!
 Rubies light the wine-cup's stream—
 Diamonds flash from Beauty's eyes;—
 Where are gems like these, that gleam
 'Neath chill morning's sober skies?
 Trim the taper—fill the bowl—
 Scarce our revel hath begun;
 Stir not hence, each jovial soul—
 Mirth like ours should greet the sun!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

LARDNER'S Cabinet Cyclopædia. 71—Vol. 2. BIOGRAPHY. Longman and Co.

IT was in our last number only we noticed the preceding part or volume of this valuable work; and now we have its successor placed before us for the like purpose. We have ever looked upon Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library in the light of a "Godsend;" destined to enlighten and improve the great human family, the which, if properly made use of, might serve the purpose of self education, were there no other book or books to be found on the face of our planet save the Bible—that priceless tome containing innumerable evidence of heavenly wisdom and human folly. The present volume contains biographical outlines of the lives of some of the most eminent literary and scientific men of Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and we shall feel disappointed if it fail to give less satisfaction, if not pleasure and delight, than its precursors.

STANFIELD'S Coast Scenery, Parts 5 and 6. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THIS work proceeds with extraordinary éclat. The engravings are of the first class. Part 5 contains—Portsmouth Harbour; the Semaphore at Portsmouth; the Arched Rock, Isle of Wight, and Havre-de-Grace. Part 6 contains—Rye Old Harbour, Blockade Station; Powderham Park, Exmouth; Hamoaze, Plymouth; and Eastcliff, Hastings; and it must be confessed they are equally beautiful and attractive.

LOUDON'S Arboretum Britannicum. Nos. 9 and 10. Longman and Co.

HERE we have another peculiarly well managed and skilful work, which is progressing with deserved success. Botanists, of all other persons, must, we think, feel highly indebted to Mr. Loudon for his pains-taking labours in this interesting branch of science. We are at a loss to know how, in the name of bookselling, the part or number, with so great a quantity of engravings, are produced for the small sum of 2s. 6d. We cannot make it out.

Architectural Magazine. Nos. 19 and 20. Longman and Co.

THIS is a very ably conducted publication. Already (we speak advisedly upon the subject), the advantages to be derived from this work have proved of the utmost utility to builders and the students and others belonging to this profession,—nay, even to the more humble class of artizans—namely, the working carpenter and mason.

The Conquests of Florida, under Hernando de Loto. By THEODORE IRVING. 2 vols. post 8vo.

MR. CHURTON, the enterprising publisher, seems bent on affording us an early and plentiful supply of new and *valuable* books, with which to beguile the

approaching winter evenings. Miss Sedgwick's new work had scarcely passed through our hands and reached the circulating libraries of the united kingdom, ere we were presented with "The Conquest of Florida;" and by whom, fair reader, do you incline to think?—Prepare for a fresh surprise—if not delight;—we answer, by a nephew of Washington Irving, the American novelist. The very name carries with it a modern charm, if his volumes fail to impart enchantment. In few words, then, let us sum up the evidence and pronounce the sentence. The Conquest of Florida, as a whole, is one of the best written and most refreshing works we have read for some time. We are by no means inclined to cavil or find fault with trifling discrepancies, but ever happy to award praise, especially where it is pre-eminently due. Theodore Irving bids fair to follow in the wake of his uncle's, Washington Irving's, intellectual sailing-yacht. We regret we have not space for extracts. The work *must* make its way rapidly.

The Englishman's Political Legacy, or John Bull's Spy-Glass for discovering and unmasking the Corruptions and Abuses in his Church and State Property. Strange, Paternoster Row.

THIS is an extraordinary book of facts, indeed; we say facts, because, however revolting—however loathsome—however unpalatable they may prove to all of us Englishmen, who are made, as it were, to pay the piper; they are, nevertheless (to speak sincerely), but too true. Indeed, it is not likely that the author, who is evidently not merely a talented but a gifted and literate man, would, with his immovable reputation, for the purpose of gratifying a vicious propensity, namely, that of misrepresenting the real state of things. Moreover, this popular public writer seems to us—who delight not in judging invidiously—to have derived a powerful genius from nature: he evidently displays an original invention in his political theories as well as an original style in his turbulent—not to say revolutionary, declamation. We say turbulent, for he doubtless possesses a very tumultuary mind. Perhaps, indeed, he was born in a tempestuous atmosphere, for the express purpose of becoming—

"The scourge of impostors and the terror of quacks."

Although we differ with the writer in politics, taking it for granted his are extreme Radical, we must concede to him the merit of having issued a most skilful and comprehensive "Political Legacy." The language he has adopted is, in many instances, too "boisterous"—nay, vociferous in the highest degree, to please our sober judgment; but this fault may, perhaps, best suit the majority of his readers, despite our dislike of it; and when we find so much plain dealing and wholesome truth set down with so much national pride and native honesty, we readily negative our unbought opinion.

"The Englishman's Political Legacy" addresses itself to every man who has a head to think, and a heart to feel: as a memorial of abuse and corruption, of misrule and oppression perhaps unequalled it demands attentive perusal and the serious meditation of every Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman, who wishes to live and die a freeman, and to transmit the blessing of freedom to his children. To the participators and abettors in corruption and abuse, this little work will be the subject of dread and abhorrence—the very mention of its name will strike them half dead with fear and terror; but by the friend and well-wisher to his country's happiness and prosperity, it cannot but be hailed as a useful and readable medium for the diffusion of political knowledge and public spirit. The size of the work is adapted so as to form an appendage to every man's pocket-book, and thus calculates it to be handed down to posterity.

To candidates for Parliamentary representation, on liberal and popular principles, "The Englishman's Political Legacy" is respectfully recommended, as an

excellent medium for awakening the attention, and informing the understanding, of Parliamentary electors, and, consequently, of inclining them to vote for honest and independent candidates.

We think we should but ill acquit ourselves of our bounden duty to this "GREAT NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS;" to the ENLIGHTENED "MIDDLE CLASSES;" to the GREAT BODY POLITIC OF ENGLAND, were we, although pressed for time as well as space, to omit to transfer to our pages a specimen of this bold politician's style and text. Take the following, at page 28:—

"5. *The Amendment and Reformation of the Church Establishment.*

"In the amendment and reformation of the Church Establishment of England and Ireland, all the tinkering, and tampering, and temporizing of ecclesiastical ingenuity, even backed with the *wisdom* of 'the heads of the law and the state,' will not be of the least avail—its official or clerical members must assume more apostolical habits and manners—more apostolical feelings and motives—more apostolical practices and employments, than those which they, in their clerical craft and cunning, think proper to adopt and practise; they must, for the purpose, 'cast off the old man with his deeds'—they must first, 'with a pure heart, a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned,' learn to 'labour for and eat their own bread'—they must, instead of 'cleaving to their own traditions'—defending their 'world of iniquity'—their thrones, palaces, and fat livings, their tithes, enormous incomes, and inordinate emoluments, with the tenacious grasp of the tiger, and an appetite as keen and ravening as that of death—strive, *as much as in them lieth*, to copy the example, the ministry, and motives of their Divine Master, the meek, the lowly, and the patient, forgiving, the holy and heavenly-minded Jesus. This, if they be inclined, as 'a holy priesthood, taking the oversight of the Church of God not for filthy lucre's sake,' but with 'love unfeigned'—they will endeavour to do; and if they put into practice and operation the following advice, they will have the consolation of being enabled to 'put to silence the ignorance of foolish men,' and to reclaim and bring back their flocks from that infidelity and neglect of religious duties—that insensibility and indifference to spiritual and eternal interests—which, unhappily, now prevail among all classes of the community, and which their greediness and selfishness have been the chief cause of engendering."

We have small hesitation in recommending every intelligent person—every freeman—every landowner—every farmer—every mechanic—to possess this "Political Legacy."

Recollections of Filey. By JOHN EDWARDS. Derby, 1835.

A POEM from the author of the "Tour of the Dove," however short, will ever be acceptable to ourselves and the public. The veteran friend and correspondent of Southey, Wordsworth, and the exquisite bard of the "World before the Flood," may, like them, choose his own moment when, from the silence of his retirement, he may come forth to scatter abroad the flowers he cultivates in silence and in secrecy. We know the gentle sanctity of their odour, and we are ever ready to confess that, while the tint and form are true to nature, an ethereal spirit ever breathes around them, and fills our imagination with the idea that they belong to another world. Still there is no such thing as *religious poetry*, in the common acceptation of the phrase, throughout the whole of the compositions of Mr. Edwards. No where does piety take, in his writings, the stiff and settled position of a fixed subject. His piety may be compared to the clear stream of his favourite river, the Dove, which flows constantly through the beauties of nature, reflecting the romantic rocks, the caverns, and the verdant hills upon its banks, and still is ever bright with the light from heaven.

The poem before us consists of no more than about eight-and-twenty short stanzas: it is purely descriptive, and its greatest merit is the graphic character of passages which set the object pointed at correctly before the reader. Still the

whole is a recollection rather than a contemplated study. It was written, we are told, on a suggestion arising from a picture in "Cole's History and Antiquities of Filey." It is therefore a poem of memory, and is, perhaps, the brightest from the awakening remembrances by which it was brought, like a fresh image of the morning, back upon the mind. To those who love the sea-coast, and have often frequented it with an eye habitually conversant with the bold imagery, animate and inanimate, which it is perpetually presenting and varying, the following stanzas will afford sketches, not nice and finished indeed, but strikingly true. The flight of innumerable sea-gulls, and the dash of the lofty feathery spray, with its daring comparison to forest trees, are at once seen and heard in these lines:—

"The gulls, with wing of downy white
Flapping the water in their flight,
A thousand link'd in one,
Far out at sea disport their flock ;
Nor can the hermit of the rock
Silence a scream that mocks his noisy gun.

"Hark, the wind howls ! the booming deep
Comes rolling with tremendous sweep
Against the beetling rocks :
The tide, still rising every hour,
Augments the grandeur of its power ;
Yet the mole stirs not—it survives the shocks.

"Amidst the elemental jar
Bright shapes are mingling, fierce for war,
And toss on high their plumes.
Like forest trees, they bend and clash—
They rise—they sink—again they flash
Their glittering spray, that all the crag illumines.

"A cobble, with its leaning sail,
Has hove in sight, driven by the gale ;—
Another—others—more ;
All laden heavily, and each
Is pressing homeward, on the beach
To meet with friends who buy their fishy store.

"A throng and busy scene ensues ;
Their wives are mingled with the crews,
And children lend a hand
To hurl the vessel from the tide,
To hoist the baskets o'er its side,
And spread the nets to dry upon the strand.

"These duties done, the men repair,
Each with his family, to share
Rest and refreshing food.
The mercies of the stormy night
Are then narrated, and excite
Their souls anew to faith and gratitude."

Henry, or the Juvenile Traveller. By the Wife of a British Officer resident in Canada. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A BOOK of travels from Portsmouth to Montreal, in America, written to suit the capacities of young people. The idea is excellent, and the work is executed in a manner well worthy of so good a design.

The Historical Keepsake, a Series of Original Tales, &c. &c., illustrative of British History. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

A TASTEFUL, and, to young persons, useful collection of *historiettes*, selected from the most interesting periods of English history, the literary department executed with judgment by Mr. J. W. Dalby. It is illustrated with engravings on wood, and is altogether an unpretending addition to our annual literature.

Prose Tales, adapted from the poets of the Nineteenth Century. By STEPHEN and HORATIO HUNT. Clements, Little Pulteney Street.

IN this matter-of-fact age, when poetry is at a discount, a work of this nature must be peculiarly acceptable. Its object seems to be to relieve "light readers" from the fetters verse sometimes imposes upon the progress of incident. The number before us—the first—presents a prose paraphrase of Crabbe's "Visionary;" and, (let all advocates of cheap literature observe)—for TWOPENCE.

Autumnal Leaves. By HENRIETTA. (Second Edition.) Dedicated to the Countess of Munster. James Cochran & Co., Waterloo Place.

THIS is a collection of lyrics, exhibiting a very fair specimen of female talent. The fair authoress might have added her name to the work without fear of encountering the "deep damnation of the critic's 'bah!'"

The Lay of the Lady Ellen; a Tale of 1834. By HARRY CHESTER, Esq. Saunders and Ottley.

A TALE of fashionable life, related in iambic verse, with occasional aberrations into the dithyrambic. Moonlight, minuets, romances, and routs, are mixed up in this "little trifle" (as the author calls it in his mysterious dedication), with a wandering disregard to unity, plainly evincing a highly cultivated taste for the heterogeneous.

One sample of the author's rhyming propensities will be satisfactory to a "discerning public." It affords a unique specimen of that style of poetry (?) known as album-onian, and would have done honour to a drawing-room *debutante* just escaped from boarding-school and bread and butter:—

"But hark! again the fiddles squeal,
Attuning for a new quad-rille;
Now beaux are bent
On belles, intent
To take a step or two;
And lo! the men of rope advance
To hinder those who do not dance
From pressing those who do.
From end to end
Two ropes extend,
Twisted of worsted green;*
On either side
A passage wide,
The dancers all between.
Now belles their boas cast aside;
Now beaux their hats in corners hide."

* "For 'green,' understand 'red.'—Printer's Devil."

The "*Printer's Devil*" aforesaid has evidently done the author an injustice in the second line. The rhyme to "squeal" should have been *quad-reel*, a style of dancing in which the author must have frequently indulged while perpetrating the "Lay of the Lady Ellen."

A Sermon preached by the Right Honourable GEORGE HENRY, Bishop of Wells, in aid of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear and Deaf and Dumb. Rivington and Co.

THIS sermon, preached in behalf of the excellent institution above-named—founded by the benevolent Dr. Curtis—is a plain, sensible, and scholar-like composition on a subject which demands considerable talent to handle with any degree of originality:—charity. The sentiments which commence the sermon, are just, and admirably expressed:—

"There are few obligations more generally allowed; and, what is of far greater importance, there are few more generally practised, than those which have for their object the relief of the suffering part of the community. Amidst a too prevailing corruption of manners—amidst a luxury which exceeds all bounds—amidst the decay or extinction of many sterner virtues, Charity is still left to plead our cause with an offended God, and to lead us onward in the road to heaven. Almost every argument and every principle which can be adduced in the recommendation of any duty, all concur in enforcing the practice of charity. If we retire into our own breasts, and examine the perceptions which are passing there, we find our compassion so powerfully excited by cases of distress and misfortune; so cordial, so unmingled a delight in affording ease and consolation to the distressed, that we cannot for a moment doubt, either concerning the reality of the feeling which we call pity, or concerning the final cause for which that feeling was implanted in our mind."

The Life of Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth. By EDWARD OSTLER, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 448.

THIS publication will prove a failure. From beginning to end there is no sufficient information to interest even the interested. The *London Gazette* contains, for the most part, nearly all the kind of information it pretends to furnish. With regard to Lord Exmouth, every newspaper reader knows that he was an intrepid, thoroughbred seaman: a man whose physical exceeded his personal energies. From the period of his election to serve in Parliament for the borough of Barnstaple—already stigmatised to the very letter for its constitutional and political degradation, Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, afforded mankind another instance of the truth of Shakspeare's oft-repeated lines—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
When taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

It was by the aid of the rotten-borough system, then, that this gallant and enterprising sailor officer (being unable by servitude or private interest), *procured promotion* which, it must be confessed, he did not disgrace; but, on the contrary (we, in common with every patriot British heart, have reason to acknowledge with feelings of respect for Lord Exmouth's memory), honoured by his bravery and courage. That Lord Exmouth was the child of capricious fortune no one, we think, will pretend to deny. Mr. Ostler has "got up" the work respectably; we mean as regards the collating, printing, etcetera. He could not write what was not true, in order to make the moral and christian character of Sir Edward Pellew *stand out*, so as to become matter of national and agreeable conversation. Lord Exmouth was the antipodes of a benevolent man: philanthropy had no charms for him. The historian, not Mr. Ostler, had already recorded the name of Sir Edward Pellew on the pages of modern history as the conquering British admiral

at the memorable siege of Algiers. He has been gathered to his fathers—may his ashes rest in peace. The name of Lord Exmouth, however, must not be coupled with such men as Lord Collingwood on the one hand, for the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar on the other. Thus much have we said in downright honesty of purpose. Nevertheless, we devoutly honour the memory of the illustrious dead.

The British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal, No. II.
James Ridgway & Co.

THE promise of excellence held out in the first number of this Review, is amply sustained in the second. The opening article on General Evans's pamphlet on the "Designs of Russia," is a specimen of vigorous writing and bold criticism—not on the pamphlet, but on the recent acts of "The Autocrat of the North." Article VII., "*The Fudges in England*," and "*Lydia Tomkins' Thoughts on the Ladies of the Aristocracy*," is a gossiping sheet of light reading, with a few allusions, cruelly severe, on the two "Great Protestant Meetings," and a sly hit or two on the ladies' champion. Altogether, we augur most favourably of the success of the "British;" to which its price—only four shillings—will in no small degree contribute.

The Political and Commercial Almanack for 1836. Price Sixpence.

THIS is, without exception, the most useful and concise, yet comprehensive, publication of the kind that we have yet seen. To bestow general praise upon its merits were idle; to point out the peculiar features of its usefulness, to demonstrate its immediate claims to the "utilitarian school," we deem alike superfluous. It certainly should have been called the *Every Man's Almanack*—for it certainly is the most useful and the least expensive. The political statistics which form a feature of the contents are admirably well drawn up; and they are uniformly correct. We repeat, the *price* of the Political and Commercial Almanack, is—SIXPENCE.

The Oriental Annual for 1836, or Scenes in India; comprising 22
magnificent Cabinet Engravings by William Daniell, Esq. R. A.

WHETHER we regard the drawings, the engravings, the printing, the subject matter, which is highly interesting, or the binding, which is rich in the best sense of the term, we are at a loss to express our admiration of this "illustrious visitor." It cannot fail of becoming a favourite among people of taste and intellect. It will be found to be splendidly appointed in every respect.

The English Annual for 1836.

THIS is a well-clothed maiden progeny (as innocent as Eve herself in Paradise), of Mr. Churton's own begetting. Publishing is his besetting sin. Had he stopped short and been content with his Oriental Annual, it would have been well; now, however, that he has passed the Rubicon, and ventured on the vast field of emulous competition (which he had an undoubted right to do, by the way), and which is still before him, we will not disguise from the public, that we feel bound to say that the English Annual is nothing more than a mere "job;" a book-maker's puppet-show—a thing of melancholy shreds and patches—a rigmarole, of worn-out Court Magazine plates and other fustian stuff—in short, a publisher's nonentity. We hope the public will feel disgusted with this effort to impose upon its pretensions and proverbial liberality.

Mr. Donald Walker's Improved Spelling-Book.

WE have much pleasure in announcing, that this valuable publication will be ready for delivery on the 11th of November, and will entirely supersede the stupid books so long held to be indispensable to the education of our youth. The combined merit of the work is above all praise.

The Life and Confession of Humphrey Humbug, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. Related by himself.

THIS autobiography is oddly enough dedicated to O'Connell—we say oddly, because as Daniel is *the* Humbug *par excellence* of the day, we imagined—until a close examination of the work corrected our mistake—that the Agitator had relieved himself from the fatigues of pocketing and expending “*the rint*” by divulging the *unde derivantur* of his extensive genius for “humbugging.” This is not, however, the fact: the life-writing humbug is one of a different species—a universalist, inventor of club-houses—patent pills—patron of newspaper hacks and book-makers, opera-dancers, and card-parties. His reminiscences will be amusing enough to those who are not much shocked at a little vulgarity.

Sonnets by Edward Moxon, Part II., London.

NO style of composition demands so much from poets as the sonnet. Unity of purpose, richness of imagery, and the most scrupulous justness of diction, are required within the limits of fourteen lines. How few are there who comply with these conditions! Even the sonnets of Shakspeare, delicate and touching as they are, frequently betray much discursiveness and want of purpose. The sonnets under consideration, however, evince a sympathy with, and an admiration for the loveliest and most *tender* beauties of nature, the result of a pure and highly cultivated moral taste. They are not, like their “kindred in verse,” destined to become what is termed “popular.” Such poetry is “caviare to the general.” But those who have the intellectual capacity to understand, and the *heart* to appreciate the warm, yet homely feelings they pourtray, will peruse Mr. Moxon's effusions with peculiar delight.

Report of a Committee appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty to inquire into the Efficacy of Mr. Kyan's Patent for Preserving Wood from Dry-rot.

CONSIDERING that the adoption of this patent by government promises a saving of eighty thousand per annum to the country, the subject is one of no small importance. The wood, it appears, is prepared by means of a solution of mercury, into which it is steeped, and which neutralizes the albumen, or chief origin of the disease, called *Dry-rot*. We wish the Patentee, Mr. Kyan, every success.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A SUB-EDITOR.

TORIES IN FRANCE AND RADICALS IN ENGLAND.—There is, without question, no country that has fought for, and yearned after liberty, with such intensity as France; yet there is scarcely a nation, except the Sublime Porte, and (as an Irish friend adds,) *the rest of Russia!* which possesses so little of that blessing. Since “the Gallic era, 88,” our neighbours seem to have been industriously employed in “pickling rods for their own backs.” Robespierre, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe, may all be regarded as scourges, especially selected by the people. Five years ago the press of Paris was threatened—by the ordinance of Charles X.—with loss of liberty; and her citizens fought the “good fight,” and gained a more glorious, brilliant victory, in the best of causes, than history has hitherto recorded; while now, in this present *anno domini*, 1835, they are actually suffering, without murmur or complaint, the very thralldom which, in 1830, they were only *threatened* with; or, if they do complain, “roar you as gently as any sucking dove.” With the explosion of the infernal machine, came the arrest of all the editors of all the anti-ministerial journals the “pet of liberty” could lay hands on! without one spark of evidence or glimmer of suspicion, but merely because these unlucky *ecrevains publics* might have been concerned in the diabolical plot; while it is very possible that these editors contributed materially to promoting the Duke of Orleans to the brevet rank of king, *vice* Charles X. cashiered. Of a truth, the spirit of liberty across the channel is, in American phrase, “progressing backwards,” which the daily accounts from Paris sufficiently testify. The correspondent of a morning paper, dating “Paris, Oct. 4th,” writes:—

“Our *Doctrinaires* are still most rancorous against the Whig Ministry of England for having *suffered* Mr. O’Connell to speak openly of a Reform in the House of Lords!”

“Suffered,” quotha!—why, if *Messieurs the Doctrinaires* are “most rancorous” at the ravings of O’Connell, it is fair to infer, that they would positively expire with rage, were they to read the revolutionary drivellings of Roebuck, or hear the incendiary magniloquence at some of our public meetings. Such an orator, for instance, as Dr. Wade, “the people’s parson,” would be the death of them. It would grieve us to become accessaries to the decease of one of the Parisian Cabinet; but, if any of its members happen to peruse the following extract from the speech of Dr. Wade at the Radical Association meeting, we should be sorry to answer for the consequences:—

“After some observations on the question of primogeniture, the reverend Doctor went on to say *that all the Royal Families of Europe were mad*. They had four or five good Lords, and now and then a good Bishop; but he might say, as it was said in the scripture, when speaking of the multitude being fed by five barley loaves and two fishes,—what are these among so many?” *(loud laughter.)*—*Vide Morning Advertiser, Oct. 6th.*

If, however, our Gallic friends should launch a political tirade at our ministry, for "suffering" such language as that above quoted, we shall not blame them. Such words from the mouth of a *reverend* divine ought not to pass unnoticed; but when he adds the impiety of quoting scripture—as Liston makes faces—to cause "loud laughter," the facetious Doctor deserves the highest reprehension,—in fact, we will go so far as to advise the *Doctrinaires* to ask Lord Melbourne to ask the Attorney-general to demand an explanation from the political parson.

A "FEELER"—*a la Francaise*.—When the fanatic Ravaillac, in 1610, assassinated Henry the Great, described as the best of kings, the image of God upon the earth, the first of the Bourbons who wore the crown of France, the fury of the people knew no bounds. The monster whose name has passed into execration, was born at Angoulême, of decent parents. He was a clerk, a valet, a schoolmaster, and a visionary. He whetted his knife at the foot of the cross, which struck the royal Henry to the heart. The dark pages of history furnish, perhaps, no instance of a case of regicide so horrible, and at the same time so outrageously wicked as this; in like manner, no malefactor ever suffered the penalty due to his crime with such exaggerated and brutalizing severity as was practised on the fanatic Ravaillac. His flesh was torn with red-hot pin-cers; they poured melted lead into his wounds, then bathed them afterwards with scalding oil; his right hand was burned off in fire of sulphur; he was torn in pieces alive by four horses; his members burned in different parts of the city, and his ashes given to the winds, the populace, in their fury, performing the part of executioners. All Paris was in tears, and the whole nation put on mourning for their murdered King. Before the regicide expired, he is said to have thus expressed himself:—"If I had known the affections of the people for their prince, the good Henry would have been still alive."—This sentence was pronounced and executed on the 27th day of May, 1610. He endured the torture for the discovery of his accomplices more than once, and died, nevertheless, without implicating any one.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—In some accounts of the battle it is said, that the Duke frequently looked at his watch, and then anxiously in the direction of his left wing, in expectation of seeing the Prussians. No wonder, indeed!—for having on the previous morning apprised Blucher of his intention to give battle at Waterloo, he had every reason to expect them early in the day. Not so Napoleon, who, whatever he may have pretended, could not possibly expect Grouchy on the field, as I have already explained, I think, to the satisfaction of all persons.—During the crisis of the battle, when our men were falling in numbers, I have been told that a general officer of some eminence, who was at the Duke's elbow, kept saying it was impossible we could hold our ground for half an hour longer; till at length the Duke, losing all patience, turned sharply round and said, "Do you think it will take only half an hour to kill all these fellows?" I cannot answer for the fact; but it is characteristic, and I believe it. It showed the firm resolve of a brave and determined soul; and it showed the just confidence he had in the stamina of his

troops. (Captain Blackiston may go tell this "delicious Tory tale" to the marines—the sailors won't believe it. "My Lord Duke" may swallow, and "my Lord" at the Horse Guards digest it—but sensible persons know how to receive such fustian.)

POLITICS IN THE "SERVICE."—The public cannot have forgotten, that some time since a private of dragoons, named Somerville, received a hundred lashes for *interfering in politics*. Comparing his offence with the infinitely greater one we are about to detail, it would be a curious calculation for a board of boatswain's mates and drummers, to find out how many hundred lashes each of the members of the "Plymouth Royal Naval Club" deserved, for their breach of discipline and brutality of conduct to their superior officer, Lord Minto, on Saturday, October 3rd.—The "Plymouth Journal" states, that—

"At the dinner given by the Plymouth Royal Naval Club to the Earl of Minto and the Board of Admiralty, the toast of 'His Majesty's Ministers,' was drunk in solemn silence, whilst the toasts of 'Lord Hill and the Army,' and the 'Duke of Wellington and the Heroes of the Peninsula,' were received with the most enthusiastic cheering."

As we have not heard that any public body of Plymothians have met to show their regret that such a disgraceful circumstance should have occurred in their town, we conceive the borough has received a blot on its escutcheon, its worthy and liberal members of parliament will not easily remove.

POLITICS IN THE CHURCH!—"Addicted to pelf," says the *Examiner* of Sunday, October 11th, "as the priesthood is, beyond any example in the history of Churches, it would appear that they like violence still better." True to this text, the extremely *reverend* Dr. Chalmers hath, it appears, thought fit to fulminate an anathema against the present Ministry in language so coarse, that, had he made it in any decent tap-room on this side the Tweed, it would have infallibly gained him expulsion. Whatever contempt we may feel for such impertinent balderdash, we cannot help, for the sake of the rest of "the cloth," joining in the "regrets" of the *Aberdeen Advertiser*, from which the following paragraph is quoted:—

"We unfeignedly regret that Dr. Chalmers was so far led away by his bias against the Government, as to indulge in some vituperative epithets which were unworthy both of his profession and character. "Lurking, low-minded underlings of office," "hacknied practitioners in politics, unincumbered by delicacy, truth, or honour," and similar "hard and hostile" phrases, do not suit the dignity of his sacred calling, his standing in the Church, or his reputation in the world; far less does the insinuation become him, that "Government would cast the interests of the Church to the winds if they could make a single ten-pounder by it!"

Even the chaplain of the "great unwashed"—Dr. Wade, would, doubtlessly, take time to consider, before he let off such a park of "low-minded" verbal artillery. It really is too bad, that these people—whether presbyterian or protestant—who impose themselves upon us as ministers of the gospel, and whose business it is to preach "peace on earth and good-will towards men," are not content with receiving enormous in-

comes for doing next to nothing; but will trouble themselves to insult persons, whom they are no more able to appreciate, than they are willing to enforce, by example, those precepts they are so enormously over-paid for teaching.

CIVIC LORE.—From a late return of the expenses incurred by the City of London in supporting the pomp and dignity of its Mayors, it appears that no less a sum than twenty-five thousand, several hundred, and odd pounds, has been for some years past the average cost. Among the many items forming this aggregate, there is one of peculiar import, as indicating the literary learning of the first magistrates of the first city in this first of worlds; it is a modest charge of £14. 18s. 3d. —no more,—for the annual replenishment of the Mansion-House “Library!” Who, after this, shall deny the combination of intelligence with economy, amongst the highest of civic functionaries? Fifteen pounds, less one and nine-pence, per annum, for supplying a chief magistrate of the city of London—in this book-making age—with all the current lore requisite for the performance of such ever-varying duties, political and judiciary; and with all the literary relaxations, to boot, after the official labours of his 313 days! Prodigious! It would be worth half the money or more to know on what publications the outlay was made. If a Lord Mayor requires no greater sum for such a purpose, how severe and extensive must be his mental culture previous to the assumption of his enormous posers! There is something about the peerage, whether corporate or parliamentary, which baffles ignoble comprehensions.

SPORTING RECORDS.—The narrative of a day’s sport in India has been running the rounds of the newspapers, and must have raised a blush of shame in many a cheek this season. The writer speaks of “*bagging* eleven elephants” with as much cool indifference as though they had been so many speckled partridges; and in the same anti-grandiloquent strain, mentions, incidentally, the fact of one animal having received in his skull the contents of six double-barrelled guns (shotted seven to the pound!), and then—trotting off with a *slight headache!* else had twelve been bagged. Truly, this is something like sport. We may expect to hear next of some fine fellow netting a few brace of whales and krakens, as an anti-prandium fishing exploit. The world is in a strange age.

AGITATION.—To Mr. O’Connell is due whatever merit there may be for originating the “agitation” policy. His mere support of most measures, however excellent, abstractedly considered, they are, is generally an all-sufficient apology for the hereditaries to reject them: one scheme, at least, appears worthy of their approval, and its excellence is actually vouched by their personal adoption of it—missionary agitation. Whilst the Liberator has been following his vocation in the north, other great luminaries have simultaneously made their appearance as prime movers, each after the fashion of his separate office. Boanerges

O'Sullivan and the Exeter-Hall-ites have been firing away in different parts of the country at the heresies of Dens, with a vehemence befitting their charitable cause; and if all they say be true, his holiness the Pope may be soon expected to take up his residence at Westminster, ousting King William from his royal chair with as much ease, and as little reluctance, as a cuckoo displaces a sparrow from her nest. His Grace of Wellington, on the other hand, has been inspecting the indigenous military with the critical eye of a commander just on the eve of a great passage of arms; lauding the institution of such forces as an especial preservative of peace, and commending with sweet praise their *effective* condition! Here, then, behold several master energies all at once engaged upon the three most portentous questions which can agitate a people's mind—theology, politics, and war:—O'Connell taking a review of the state of the nation; the Reverend Disputers (without disputants), of the state of the church; and the duke, of the yokel yeomanry in the provinces! With these mighty spirits stalking about the land, to say nothing of the comet just now hanging over our heads with such an angry aspect—what terrible trouble is about to happen? Time, alas! the revealer of all doubts, can alone disclose!

LADIES' BOARDING-SCHOOLS.—Now that legislative influence has been extended to national education, we are surprised it has not been applied to the system of female education, as adopted in boarding-schools. An ably-written review of Dr. Riofrey's "*Education Physique*," which appeared in the *Athenæum* of Oct. 10, directs attention to this subject in an ably-penned article:—

"Of the moral and intellectual deficiency of schools for young women," says the writer,—or, to employ the accredited jargon of 'seminaries for young ladies'—it is not our cue at present to speak; and the necessity is the less, because they are matters of sufficient notoriety. But of the injuries inflicted on health, and the total want of common sense, in almost all the arrangements of these establishments, by the utter ignorance of schoolmistresses (the exceptions being too few to merit notice) concerning all that belongs to the living mechanism of their victims, the public requires to be instructed."

We have heard of a foreigner who entered a "Seminary for Young Ladies," somewhere in the vicinity of London: and, on seeing those implements of torture:—backboards, steel stays, and feet stocks, lying about the apartment, compared it to the ante-room of the Hall of Inquisition. Every sacrifice seems to be made for the falsely-estimated advantages of personal appearance; while the first cause of beauty, health, is not only neglected, but forced, and too often perverted.

NEWSPAPER ABUSE.—It hath been propounded by that exemplar of truth-telling travellers, Baron Humboldt, that in the absence of other food, hyænas are marvellously given to picking their own flesh from their own bones! A propensity not very dissimilar seems to have seized the London papers during the last month. From the dearth of editorial sustenance usually supplied from the imaginations of those—whom Mr. E. L. Bulwer "delighteth to honour" with the appellation of

"penny-a-line men"—the metropolitan papers have been literally feeding upon themselves—the press, collectively, has been unnaturally busy in abusing itself, individually. Day after day, from the 10th up to this present writing (the 19th), politics, domestic and foreign, have given place to crimination and recrimination. The official return of the quantity of stamps issued to each newspaper, commenced the war. All those prints whose numbers are small, malign the stamp-office document as false; while "The Times," which is, as usual, at the head of the list, contends strenuously for the correctness of the return; with this small qualification—that a trifling million or so of stamps have been used in Printing-House-Square *more* than the official statement accounts for. We notice this contemptible quarrel, to lament over the degradation of the most powerful organ of public opinion. The language lately indulged in by the "*gentlemen* of the press," is, occasionally, disgraceful. "The Leading Journal" ably supports its character; for it takes the lead in this war of vulgarity, and is pre-eminent for its contempt of the common decencies of language. We trust something or other will speedily "turn up," to divert this dirty stream of abuse into some less offensive channel.

A PUZZLE FOR SURGEONS.—The following paragraph, translated from a clever French publication, printed here, called *Le Caméléon*, will doubtless furnish subject-matter to that lively debating society 'ycept the "College of Surgeons," for a month to come. It certainly records a natural phenomenon, to match which, all the museums of all the colleges in Europe would be ransacked in vain:—

"A remarkable phenomenon has been exhibited at the Hospital St. Pierre, at Brussels. A youth about fourteen or fifteen years of age died of typhus, presenting an interior conformation completely opposite to that of an ordinary human being. The heart, stomach, and other organs, which, in a natural state, belong to the left side, are with him placed on the right! The liver and intestines are also on the wrong side!"

"HATS OFF!"—It appears, from Dr. Hogg's amusing "Visit to Alexandria, &c.," that hats are held in peculiar abomination in Damascus; insomuch, that Ibrahim Pashaw is reported to have promised, that—

"Before the end of another year, if it remained in his possession, the English consul, who had been formerly refused admission, should be established in peace and security, and hats no longer be considered a rarity."

By which it appears, that the gates of Damascus are closed to all—even a British consul—who are convicted of the "high crime and misdemeanour" of—wearing a hat! We have heard of a poor fellow, so uniformly unlucky as to confidently aver, "that if his friends had bred him a hatter, he verily believed men would have taken to going without heads." A shop in the "warranted waterproof" line within the city and liberties of Damascus would have brought him his usual ill luck, without accusing Dame Fortune of being so extensively splenetic, as to commit universal decapitation.

PLYMOUTH ROYAL NAVAL CLUB.—Since writing the note headed "Politics in the Service," we find a long advertisement in most of the London papers, from the Plymouth Naval Club, denying that offence was intended by their mode of toasting "His Majesty's Ministers." It appears that it has never been their custom to "cheer" that toast. All we can add, is—such a custom would be more "honoured in the breach than in the observance."

HER MAJESTY AT OXFORD.—The papers of the last three days have been recording the brilliant reception of the Queen at Oxford. The "town" seems to have decidedly beaten the "gown" in demonstrations of loyalty. Fireworks were let off, whose coruscations would have dazzled the eyes of Radicals the most obdurate; dinners given, enough to open the hearts and mouths of a whole common-council of Harmers and Scales's; and illuminations "flared up," the brilliancy of which was sufficient to "lighten the darkness" of every political cobbler in the empire: while the amusements offered by the University were merely one Latin speech, rehearsed by Field-marshal, Lord-Chancellor Arthur Wellesley Duke of Wellington; one ditto from the public orator, Dr. Bliss; and the usual complement of *facetiae* from the lungs of the under-graduates; a portion of which last we extract from the *Courier*:—

"On the under-gallery being filled, the young gentlemen commenced their accustomed sport by calling for cheers for the ladies; this was received with tremendous applause, as were the names of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Eldon, Lord Lyndhurst, the Bishops, Church and King, and many others. Then came a "Groan for Brougham." "His Majesty's Ministers." (Groan.) "The Ladies again." (Cheers.) "The Ladies' Maids." (Loud laughter.) "Lord Radnor and his fox-hounds." (Cheers.) "The King of the Cannibal Islands." (Laughter.)

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.—We want a new dictionary of definitions sadly. Some words bear a variety of signification, which must be extremely embarrassing to foreigners; the word "gentleman," for example, has a number of meanings almost endless. There are primitive gentlemen in silks and tights—gentlemen's gentlemen in second-hand coats—gentlemen Jews with dirty hands and gold rings—and gentlemen swindlers of "gentlemanly exterior"—all having in some remote degree the shadow of a claim to the title. But, of this extensive species, the *genus* denominated "Gentlemen of the Press" seems to be fast losing the smallest share in the idea usually conveyed by that ambiguous term, "gentleman." In a former note we awarded to the Times pre-eminence in the department of "newspaper abuse;" but have done "The Standard" an injustice which we hasten to correct, by the following extract from a provincial paper:—

By a recent No. of the *Standard*, O'Connell is styled a 'mendicant,' and a 'sordid blood-stained incendiary,' the Glasgow meeting a 'mob,' a 'Helot spectacle,' and 'beastly festival;' all who presumed to attend, 'contemptible in numbers, station, sense, and morals,' 'Ribbonmen,' 'wretches,' 'rabble,' 'animals,' 'beasts,' 'blockheads,' 'animated dirt, quickened into fermentation by the beams of Mr. O'Connell's brazen face!!'

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE New Volume of "Friendship's Offering" will appear this season in its usual style of elegant binding, and with such an array of splendid illustrations, as will far exceed any former volume of the series; while its carefully selected Literature will comprise contributions from the most talented writers of the day.

"The Book of Gems," illustrated by engravings from the works of the most distinguished painters, and each accompanied by a Biography of the Poet.

Miss Landon's new Poem, "The Vow of the Peacock."

A new novel from the pen of Mr. Grattan.

Mr. James, author of "The Gipsy," has nearly ready a work descriptive of the Educational Institutions of Germany.

The Translation of Schlegel's Lectures, "On the Philosophy of History," by James Burton Robertson, Esq., with a Life of the Author.

Lieutenant Holman, the celebrated Blind Traveller, will speedily publish the fourth and concluding volume of his "Voyages and Travels round the World."

History of the Condition of Women in all Ages and Nations. By Mrs. Child, Author of "Child's Own Book," "Mother's Book," &c. &c.

"Graphics:" a Manual of Drawing and Writing, for the Use of Schools and Families. By R. Peale.

Tables of Discounts, Net Proceeds, Per Centage, Profits upon the Sale of Goods, on a New Plan of Arrangement: being more comprehensive and more expeditious for consultation than any hitherto published. By David Booth, Author of the Interest Tables, &c. &c. Second Edition.

J. A. St. John, Esq., Author of "Tales of the Ramad'han," "Egypt, and Mohammed Ali," &c. has nearly ready for publication a new Novel, entitled "Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love."

"The Wallsend Miner." By James Everett, Author of the "Village Blacksmith," &c.

"The Family Topographer," Vol. V., containing the Midland Circuit, with Eight Maps. By Samuel Tymms.

The Author of "Old Maids" has a Novel in the press, entitled "Plebeians and Patricians."

"Marco Visconti," the celebrated Historical Romance, recently published in Italy, and extracted there from the Chronicles of the Fourteenth Century, has just been translated from the Italian, by Miss Caroline Ward, and will appear early next month.

A Treatise on Painting, by Leonardo Da Vinci; faithfully translated from the original Italian, and digested under proper heads, by John Francis Rigaud, Esq.

"The Volume of the Affections, or Bridal Offering," by the Editor of "My Daughter's Book," "The Young Gentleman's Book," &c. &c., will be published in time for presentation as a new-year's gift.

THE EDITOR'S LATEST MOMENTS.

THE ANNUALS.—It affords us infinite pleasure to have it in our power to devote an entire page of the Old Monthly Magazine to the examination of these interesting strangers. In our last number we noticed Messrs. Fisher's—

- I. Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1836. By L. E. L. Splendidly illustrated.
 - II. The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary for Annual, 1836. Edited by the REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.
 - III. The Historical Keepsake for 1836. Edited by JOHN WATSON DALBY, with Engravings from original designs and from celebrated pictures. Thomas Hurst, St. Paul's Church-Yard.
 - IV. Affection's Keepsake for 1836. By T. A. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
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The Comic Almanac for 1836 ; with Twelve Illustrations of the Months, by George Cruikshank. C. Tilt, Fleet Street.

A hasty sight of the Comic Almanac enables us to remark that the illustrations are worthy of the etching-needle of that mirth-making son of Momus, George Cruikshank. Of the literary portion we have read one or two verses which seem somewhat jejune.

The Engineer's and Mechanic's Encyclopedia, &c. By LUKE HERBERT. Kelly & Co. Paternoster Row.

This promises to be a most useful publication. We shall give it our attentive consideration next month.

A new publication has just been started called the "Literary Times," nearly as large as the largest morning paper, price only two-pence! We beg to suggest to the proprietors an undertaking which would doubtless command a most extensive circulation—a journal to be given away, entitled the *Gratis Gazette*! We fear its conductors would become no richer than their Literary Times promises to make them. How their extreme liberality can be possibly profitable puzzles our arithmetic amazingly!